

Sports Illustrated

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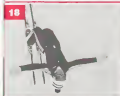
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BAIT'S BACK in New York and Marty Liquori, Eamonn Coghlan, Paul Cummings and Wilson Wazpwa will join him in the Milrose Games' Wastemaker Mike Joe Marshall tells who congratulates whom at the finish

WINGING IT in Montreal are Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt, linemen who have been running one-two in the NHL goal-scoring race. Jerry Krushenbaum reports on the Donut Line (Fill-in-the-Blank plays center)

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except bi-weekly during the last and first weeks of February, and except two weeks combined in June and July. Postmaster: Send address changes to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, N.J. 08520. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office at Denver, Colorado and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription in the U.S. \$20.00 a year.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

A NEED FOR CANDOR

A proposal that was voted down at the NCAA convention (page 48) would have barred full-ride athletic scholarships except on the basis of need. It lost partly because such respected administrators as Father Edmund Joyce of Notre Dame spoke against it, citing the cheating that went on whenever "need" was the basis of athletic scholarships.

The arguments were strong enough to defeat the proposal, but an important point was missed. "Need" is wrong for Big Football (and Big Basketball), but not just because it encourages cheating and deceit. Any number of things can do that. The practice of players selling game tickets they had been given used to be winked at as a harmless way for the boys to pick up pocket money. Now it is charged that at some schools where sellouts are assured, coaches have organized the process and made it into a sales pitch for recruits, promising them a considerable income from ticket sales.

No, cheating isn't the reason why "need" is wrong. It is wrong because it is hypocritical, at least at the Big Sport level. One delegate arguing in its favor said, "The football player should be treated just like other students" and should not be looked upon as a "hired hand." That's the orthodox view, and that's the crux of the problem. In Big Football and Big Basketball, the players are not "just like other students." They are hired hands, paid in the cheapest way possible, through scholarships and other aid, to spend untold hours beyond the classroom performing valuable services for the university. Those services—perfectly legitimate—help generate the income for the university's multimillion-dollar athletic budget. The wrong—and the deceit—lies in not being willing to acknowledge that fact.

WINTER'S TALES

The bitter cold afflicting a good part of the country (page 18) is having its effect on wildlife. No one will know for sure

what the toll will be until the spring thaw, but heavy fish kills are expected in Midwestern ponds and lakes because the sun cannot penetrate the thick ice cover to allow submerged plants to produce oxygen. In Illinois, Lake Le-Aqua-Na has a record 27 inches of ice. In Nebraska, Norm Stucky, a fisheries biologist, reports that some ponds "probably are frozen right down to the bottom." In Wisconsin, wildlife specialist Ron Nacotera says that because of abnormally low water conditions and the terrible cold, "beavers are having trouble because their ears and tails are freezing. If this keeps up, they ultimately fall off."

In Missouri, quail are having problems finding food and cover in the snow, and doves' feet are becoming frostbitten. In the Northeast, the heavy snow will make life difficult for small mammals such as mice and voles when the spring thaw comes. The snow mats down the grass in fields and pastures that ordinarily would serve as cover from predators.

In Pennsylvania, large numbers of owls, ordinarily nocturnal, have been seen during the day. Stan Forbes of the Pennsylvania Game Commission says, "It's evident they're looking for food." Observers also report wild turkeys and deer feeding together. The turkeys, which can't break through the deep-crusted snow, let the deer dig through to find the acorns on which both species feed.

Even the Atlantic Ocean has been affected by the weather. Off Maryland, codfish, ordinarily found about six miles from shore, have moved 20 miles out, seeking warmer water.

ON A LIGHTER NOTE

Defying the winter, Manager Whitey Herzog and several of his Kansas City Royals ignored sub-zero temperatures and went fishing at Lake Taneycomo in Missouri. The lake is ice free because of heat from power generators upstream. Shortstop Fred Patek, at 5' 4" the smallest player in the major leagues, caught the biggest fish, an 8½-pound rainbow

trout. Manager Bill Virdon of the Houston Astros, who skipped the fishing but arrived in time to join the others at dinner, was given the Richie Allen Fairfare To Show Up Award.

TURNABOUT

Detroit Tiger Centerfielder Ron LeFlore, who served time for robbery in Southern Michigan State Prison before his remarkable success as a professional ballplayer, was supposed to be the special guest of Duck (Night Train) Lane, the old pro football player, at a Detroit Sports Broadcasters luncheon. When it was Lane's turn to speak he explained to the audience that LeFlore would have been there except that his car had been broken into and he had gone to a police station to report the crime.

PUMPING

The sight of a prodigiously muscled man posing in bikini shorts is enough to reduce most people to giggles—or sneers. But a new movie called *Pumping Iron*, which deftly portrays the personalities and rigorous training of several top bodybuilders, could change that attitude. Based on the book of the same name by Charles Gaines and George Butler, the movie focuses on Arnold Schwarzenegger, a 29-year-old Austrian with muscle mass and a boyish smile, who in the film is attempting to win his sixth successive "Mr. Olympia" title. We see his steadfast preparations to defend his crown, as well as the efforts of his heartiest challenger, 25-year-old Louis Ferrigno, a 6' 5", 270-pound Brooklyn kid, whose every move is dictated by an anxious father.

While *Pumping Iron*, aided by an energetic sound track, is done in a documentary style, it is not a literal report. "I play a composite of several characters," Schwarzenegger says. "For instance, a scene where I say I didn't attend the funeral of my father because I didn't want to break training was a true event, but it didn't happen to me. What the film is trying to show is what bodybuilders have to do, and how they do it."

What they have to do is work, hour after hour, and *Pumping Iron* is graphic in its portrayal of the sweaty, grunting, teeth-baring efforts involved in building muscles in crowded, noisy gymnasiums. Not narcissism, but tension and fear seem most evident in the competition itself.

continued

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TWA

When Ferrigno finished a disappointed third behind the victorious Schwarzenegger, his father Matty mutters something about "next year."

Next year the confident Schwarzenegger, who with the showmanship of a Muhammad Ali tells the crowd after his win that he is retiring, hopes to be well launched on an acting career. Maybe he'll make it. In any case, this year you ought to go see him in this film.

PERSPECTIVE

The basketball coach at George Washington University, a pleasant man named Bob Tallent, is having trouble with three freshmen on his squad despite its 9-5 record. According to Tom Boswell of The

come here for—to play ball or study?"

Tallent's George Washington players include 6'7" Tom Glenn, who says he no longer "fears math," 6'4" Bucky Roman, an electrical-engineering major with a grade average of 3.8 out of 4.0 ("I can't believe I got that B in calculus," he moans) and 6'10" Mike Zagardo, a pre-med student. "Zigzag was in the motel room above me the night before the first start of his college career," Tallent says. "I could hear him moving around. I thought he was pacing because he couldn't sleep and taking hot showers to relax. Turned out he was studying chemistry until 3:30 a.m. and taking cold showers to keep awake."

Zagardo got a lecture the next day from the coach, who advised him to "Study when the sun is up and sleep when it's down." Nodding dutifully, Zagardo muttered, "I've got to get this pre-med thing in perspective and get serious about my ball."

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

World Team Tennis claims that its 60 men and women players may well be the highest-paid athletes in the U.S. Since the average WTT player makes only \$46,000, it takes a little mathematical sleight of hand to reach that conclusion. Well, says the WTT, our season lasts 13 weeks, which means the average WTT player is making \$3,538 a week. Multiply that by 52 weeks and it means a WTTer is being paid at the rate of \$184,000 a year.

Of course, the WTT admits its people don't make that \$3,538 all year round. But in the weeks that they're not playing they can wear their sneakers out playing World Championship Tennis (men), Virginia Slims (women), Wimbledon, Forest Hills and a lot of other tournaments.

What the WTT is trying to establish with all this flooding is simply that while everyone knows tennis players are earning a bunch of money nowadays, the WTT is where a good part of that money is. Its top 11 men averaged better than \$86,000 last year, its top 10 women better than \$80,000. For 13 weeks' work. Not bad.

SPOTTING

Spectators at a golf tournament sometimes get more exercise than the pros playing in it do. Unless you're content to join Arnie's Army or Lee's Fless and stay with one golfer all afternoon, you can spend half the day charging back and

forth from fairway to fairway trying to catch up with the player you really want to watch.

Now, thanks to Suntory, a Japanese whiskey company, and the folks who run the Hawaiian Open, those frantic pursuits may soon be a thing of the past. When play begins next Thursday in Hawaii, spectators who want to follow a particular hero can check either of two "Player Locator Boards." Not to be confused with scoreboards, or leader boards, each of the 8-by-16-foot locator boards at the Waialae Country Club will show a large map of the course on which every golfer's progress—from tee to fairway to green on each hole—will be followed by magnetic markers numbered to correspond with the golfer's number on the daily pairing sheet. And that means the fan can zoom off cross-country and join the gallery around his favorite without going through that old, numbing by-guess-and-by-God search from hole to hole. The scoreboards will benefit from this massive information input, too, because more field operatives with radios than ever before will be scattered around the course, and they'll be updating scores along with locations.

Credit for introducing this laudable gadget to the U.S. belongs to United Airlines, sponsor of the Hawaiian Open, but it was just put into use at the Suntory Open last September. We are obliged to report that Suntory has exported one other thing to Hawaii for the Open—a commemorative whiskey bottle shaped like a hula girl. Aloha. It's the first such ceramic creation the company has produced, and you kind of wish they hadn't. Well, they did come up with the locator board, and that keeps them ahead of the game.

THEY SAID IT

• Howard K. Smith, ABC newscaster and a member of the President's Commission on Olympic Sports. "We're out of date. We shake our old, untended sports tree once every four years and gather whatever plums fall off. Other nations cultivate their orchards day by day, pruning, nursing, root-feeding them and harvesting ever more plums."

• Billy Carter, on the trouble he had arranging a charter flight for Georgians to his brother's Inauguration: "They told me it had to be a special event. I said, 'What's a special event?' They said, 'Like the Sugar Bowl.'"



Washington Post, the players are driving Tallent to distraction, keeping him awake half the night, making him set curfews and forcing him to change his rules. Misbehaving? Not at all. It's simply that Tallent can't get them to stop studying.

"I've threatened to ban books on road trips," he jokes. "I have had to put in a studying curfew. They can bring the books, but they've got to stop working by midnight."

Tallent, who played for Adolph Rupp at Kentucky, likes to recall a tongue-in-cheek bowling out Rupp used to give him when Tallent was trying to blend his engineering studies with basketball. "I'd be late for practice," Tallent says, "and Rupp would lock the gym. I'd stand there shaking the door, and Adolph would say, 'Hark, sounds like our student engineer at the gate. Hey, Tallent, what did you

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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 31, 1977

WATSON, BUT NOT

Nervous early, Ford ended with the shakies



SO ELEMENTARY

Bing invited women to attend his Clubback, and Jerry Ford hated a pitch, but Tom Watson won the Crosby, even though he missed with a disaster on the final hole by Dan Jenkins

CONTINUED

Opert hasn't missed her calling



Briston took Crosby pressure in stride





The host remains a part of the scene

The cashmere sweater crowd threw what must have been the second biggest party of the week, right there along the calendar-art shores of the Monterey Peninsula, and when

calm finally settled on all the Tiltents that were lost in the iceplant of the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am, the only unanswered question was: If Gerald Ford can get that much publicity by playing 36 holes of golf, how long will it take Jimmy Carter to start hitting wedge shots on the White House lawn?

It was perhaps the most unusual week that professional golfers have ever spent at the Crosby. There were more people, more presidents, more low scores, more splendid weather, more traffic, more Secret Service men and more eyefilling glimpses of Carmel Bay than ever before. And all of it in the name of work.

At Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and Monterey Peninsula Country Club this hoopla produced what had to be the grandest "major championship" that did not have an Open, Masters or PGA attached to its name. For the fellow who won it, Tom Watson, the Crosby might as well be listed as a major triumph, for it had all the importance, attention and drama.

What it had on Sunday was three guys battling down the stretch, making bogeys as if they were at Augusta or Merion or Oakland Hills. When Watson got to the last hole at Pebble Beach, his two closest pursuers, Tony Jacklin and Lee Elder, had already lost any real chance of catching him by making sixes at this most famous, and most photographed, of the world's par-5s. Watson hit a very long, slightly dangerous drive down the left, or ocean, side of the 18th fairway. Then he hit a four-iron second shot that he would describe as "somewhat less than desirable." It tailed into a bunker next

to the sea wall. A little more to the left, and he would have been down below with the sea lions.

Although Watson was once noted for his last-round collapses, he seemed rid of that when he took the 1975 British Open. But he went all last year without a tour victory, and now here he was again—in trouble.

Not that much trouble, however. He had played such superb golf all week that even with the shaky finish he would destroy the tournament record held by Billy Casper. He blasted out of the sand and over the green, chipped long and missed the 15-foot putt. But what he had left was a one-club stroke for victory. He still shot 71 for a total of 273, four strokes lower than anyone—Nicklaus, Palmer, Miller—had ever done in all the Crosbys of the past.

"This is not a bad thing to happen to somebody who used to drive down here from Stanford and sneak on these courses before dawn," said Watson.

The Crosby got under way Thursday with a very smart-looking leaderboard, which is how classy events are supposed to unfold. Hubert Green landed the first blows on Pebble Beach by tying the course record of 65, seven under par. He even made a bogey doing it; that was an indication of how gentle the place was going to be. Watson had a 66 at Pebble that day, and, in all, 45 players broke par across the Peninsula. When Green went the other direction on Friday with a 76 at Cypress Point, which would be his undoing over the long haul, he had a simple explanation. "I lost my roller," he said, meaning the putter.

Friday was the day of Victor Regalado, no stranger to the followers of the Pleasant Valley Classic, which he won back in 1974. Regalado began with a 67 at Monterey and duplicated the score at Pebble with the aid of three chip-ins. Regalado is from Tijuana, and he said afterward, "Trevino's not here, so I'm just trying to be low Mexican." A stroke back of him were Watson, Jacklin and Elder.

On Saturday, Watson took command with a 67 in the seclusion of Monterey, while the multitudes scurried after Jerry Ford at Pebble and ultimately turned the Del Monte Lodge and its lawns into what looked like a revolutionary campsite. Watson was 13 under par then, one ahead of Jacklin and two ahead of Elder, and their sub-par totals had none other

than Jack Nicklaus scratching his head.

"If I was seven under, like I am now, at almost any other Crosby I've ever played in, I'd be leading," Jack said.

Nicklaus' first appearance of the season was what he termed "adequate." He finished 11th, eight strokes behind Watson. Actually, Jack seemed more interested in two other things last week. One was calling around to Tahoe and Vail and asking about snow as he searched for a place to go skiing, a new hobby that makes his business associates and contract holders shudder. The other was taking delivery on his new toy, a Cessna Citation, which is just like Arnold Palmer's, except for the Golden Bear logo on it rather than Mark McCormack's umbrella.

As for the golf, Nicklaus could at least say he performed better than three of the sport's younger glamour types, a trio of blonds who have been smearing the ink on Jack's headlines. In this Crosby, Johnny Miller, Ben Crenshaw and Jerry Pate missed the cut.

So did Jerry Ford, who more than Watson, Nicklaus, Crosby or the dozens of rhinestone cowboys, was the man who brought out the crowds. There were so many people tromping around the Peninsula all week that you needed a walkie-talkie to find your way back to the Del Monte Lodge. No one knew the exact head count on Saturday, which produced perhaps the largest traffic jam in the history of the 17-Mile Drive. The tournament always draws huge crowds, especially when it is blessed with decent weather, because it offers a chance to observe Jack Lemmon or James Garner raking a bunker. But with the amateur from Washington, D.C. on the premises, and the sunshine beaming down on all the whales offshore, the crowds broke all attendance records.

Jack Tuthill, the PGA tournament director, who was driving what he called "the getaway car" for Ford—a golf cart bearing not only Tuthill but also a Secret Service agent with an ominous green case, inside of which was a submachine gun—said Saturday's gathering was the largest he had ever seen on a golf course in the 16 years he has been on the tour. And at one point Clyde Mangum, another PGA official, called to a colleague on his hand radio and said, "If everybody out here tries to go to the 18th hole with Ford, it'll sink."

The Crosby was only the first of the former President's golfing appearances for 1977. His presence is not likely to create as much attention in the future, but it seems that he is going to become one of the pro-am "regulars" like, let us say, Efrem Zimbalist Jr. In two weeks he will be playing four rounds in the Bob Hope Desert Classic. He then plans to take his 18 handicap to the pro-am events of both the Jackie Gleason Invitational and the Tournament Players Championship in Florida. In the summer Ford will be the official host for the Colgate Hall of Fame Classic at Pinehurst. Thus, as someone said, it looks as if he may participate in more PGA tournaments than Nicklaus.

The pro-am team of Ford and Arnold Palmer had little chance to do well in the tournament. Because Ford was in Washington on other business Thursday, Palmer competed in the first round at Cypress Point, counting only his own score—a 74—in the team event. Palmer's agent-lawyer-friend, McCormack, substituted for Ford in that round, but only for companionship. In the pro-am part of the Crosby, teams need to be several thousand strokes under par even to be noticed. Ford and his entourage arrived in one of the government's two Air Force Ones late Thursday afternoon, and after moving into the guest house of his friend and host, Darius Keaton, he hit a few practice shots at Monterey before dark. Keaton lives in one of those modest cottages at Pebble; the chimney of his home is, in fact, what golfers use to line up their tee shots on the 8th hole.

When Ford began the tournament at the 10th tee of Monterey on Friday morning the scene was one of predictable madness. Thousands were waiting to see what yesterday's President looked like, or maybe what a Secret Service man looked like in a yellow Pebble Beach golf cap and a red Vail Golf Club jacket with a wire running out of his ear and a bulge in his breast pocket.

Everything Ford said, wore and did seemed to become a matter of urgency to the press, and this Crosby had attracted the largest group of golfing media ever, outside of a major championship. Bulletin: Gerald Ford on Friday was wearing gray pants, light blue shirt, navy sweater and a white Thunderbird cap. Bulletin: Gerald Ford was wearing white Etone shoes. Bulletin: Gerald Ford's golf bag was white, pro-sized, with the pres-

idential seal on the front. Bulletin: Gerald Ford was hitting Arnold Palmer golf balls into the sceptant.

Before the leading celebrity in town struck his first shot, a Crosby official calmly announced, "On the tee from Washington, D.C., the former President of the United States, amateur Gerald Ford." Bulletin: Gerald Ford's first shot on the 155-yard par-3 10th hole at Monterey sliced into a cluster of the electorate. He made a double bogey and was on the way to a five-hour round of, by all sophisticated estimates, granting gimmes here and there. 97 Bulletin: Palmer usually addressed Jerry as "partner." Bulletin: the highlight of his tournament came when he holed a chip at the 14th at Pebble for a birdie.

Throughout his two rounds Ford constantly waved at crowds and turned around and smiled for the hordes of amateur picture takers. He not only upstaged the serious competition itself during his visit, but he also obscured that other newsworthy circumstance of the Crosby, the entry of those two attractive and bright young women amateurs, Nancy Lopez and Marianne Bretton. They were not the first females in the tournament—Babe Didrikson Zaharias had played in the old Crosby, back in 1939—but they were the first since the event moved upstate from Rancho Santa Fe and grew into the biggest thing to hit Carmel Bay since leather patches on the elbows.

Inviting the girls had been the idea of Bing himself. He wanted the two best amateurs, and they would be Nancy Lopez, who had won the Western and several other trophies last year, and Donna Horton, who had taken the U.S. Women's Amateur. When Horton turned pro, Bing took the runner-up, Bretton, 19, UCLA sophomore, blonde, sweet and dynamite. For their \$500 entry fee, the girls received everything that the men amateurs did—the same umbrellas, Scotch, equipment, shirts and sweaters. Men's shirts and sweaters, as it happened, owing to an oversight.

The conversations of the girls were peppered with such things as, "There's Tom Watson, oh, wow!"

They played practice rounds with Pate and Palmer and were thoroughly dazzled. When the tournament began, however, Marianne teamed with Bel-Air pro Eddie Merrins, while Nancy played with a fellow named Jose Gonzales of Guadalajara, who used tees three inches high and carefully sculpted rounds of 82-75-84. The girls didn't do badly, especially since they had to use the men's tees. On Friday Lopez had a 73, Bretton a 78. Overall, Nancy helped her pro 26 shots, Marianne hers 27.

Summing it all up, practically in unison Nancy and Marianne said, "It's just been one thrill after another."

For an altogether different reason, Tom Watson no doubt would be the first person to agree.

END

Watson's 273 broke the Crosby record by four strokes



Skillfully stroking his way through \$200,000 worth of Pepsi-Cola cans, not to mention weather out of Ice Station Zebra, Bjorn Borg proved at the Grand Slam of Tennis that if you punish a child enough he'll learn to do things right.

What Borg finally learned to do last Sunday afternoon in a Boca Raton, Fla. condominium nirvana called Boca West, which seemed more like Klondike South, was defeat Jimmy Connors. In their eight previous matches Borg had won only once—the first time they met back in 1973—but this time he combined well-chosen lobs and a clever little low backhand chip shot with his characteristic looping topspin forehand to upset Connors 6-4, 5-7, 6-3.

The victory avenged Borg's only significant loss of 1976, the U.S. Open, but more important was the way he threw the monkey of self-doubt off his back. No one stroke or series of points could do that, Steel will could, and did. "The difference this time?" Borg said. "This time I was knowing I can beat him."

Heretofore, Borg always has been a man against the field, a boy against Connors. And in the late gloom of the second set it looked as if he would fall apart again.

Here Borg was, having won the first set

BORG'S HOT HAND TOOK ALL THE TRICKS

Although Jimmy Connors made a strong bid, Bjorn Borg played with a good deal more finesse and won the \$200,000 Grand Slam of Tennis—in spades
by Curry Kirkpatrick

and ahead 4-3 in the second, with three break points against Connors' serve and a chance for a 5-3 lead. But Connors took his opponent's lobs out of the dark sky and pounded them clear for the game. Here Borg was with a 5-4 lead and three match points, but he failed again—once on an easy backhand drive off a short ball with Connors frozen at the net. The ball struck the tape and fell backward, whereupon Borg smashed it with his racket savagely into the net.

It was a unique display of emotion for the normally stolid 20-year-old, and he threw away the set in the next two games. The teen-age Borg would have been finished then. But this Borg came charging back in the third set to break Connors' serve in the fourth game. To withstand Connors' break back in the fifth. To get the key break in the sixth on two gorgeous backhand passing shots, and ultimately to run out the match.

"I play him high ones, low ones," said Borg. "This is unbelievable big win for me."

And a rich one. Borg's \$100,000 first prize was more than the entire amount he earned in winning his 1976 Wimbledon and WCT titles. Connors' winner's paycheck of \$30,000 at Forest Hills was less than his runner-up Grand Slam take of \$50,000.

With all its loot, Grand Slam could have been the ultimate video cum lettuce sports special. Yet this particular event had some legitimacy. To begin with, the Grand Slam had the winners of the four most prestigious tournaments in the world—Borg (Wimbledon and WCT), Connors (Forest Hills) and Adriano Panatta (the French Open). Since Borg had won two of the big four, the fourth player was Manuel Orantes, the 1975 Forest Hills winner who last year won the Grand Prix Masters championship.

Next, the final match was televised five

right then rather than seven months later in between the 2 a.m. Veg-o-matic commercials.

Thirdly, the tournament was conducted in a thoroughly professional manner by the sponsor, Pepsi-Cola, which, because of its nine-year sponsorship of a worldwide junior tennis program, is well as lessons in 45 inner U.S. cities, believes it has no apologies to make to tennis.

And finally, unlike many events of this nature, the players were on the scene well ahead of time. They practiced diligently. They were coddled only to certain limits. When Connors made some noise about refusing to play in the windy, 40° first-day chill, he was told in no uncertain terms he would play.

As Pepsi publicist Joe Block said in between hitting some forehands of his own in one of the clinics his company provided for clients, "Hardly a tennis tournament goes by that Pepsi is not involved in putting money back into the sport. We don't believe a four-man event is a threat to tournaments. It's just that when you can get four of the top guys in the world, guaranteed, why take pot luck on the finish of some tournament?"

But is it a TV show, Joe?

"If it was a TV tape, we wouldn't do it," Block said. Then he grinned. "But if there was no TV, it wouldn't exist either."

Naturally the players loved the Grand Slam. And defended it. "Listen," said Connors, "the public is getting great tennis cheap [Would anyone outside Palm Beach call \$20 tickets "cheap"?] I'm on the title trail now. I just want to win events that will put me in the history books. I think in time the Grand Slam will be one of those events."

Panatta thought otherwise. "Grand Slam is fun, yes," he said. "Maybe it can be No. 1 of four-man exhibitions. But for history title? Never."

Jumbo says he's "into seriousness, seriously."





Borg: the ice prince, throwing on his bandage's home-cooked meals, didn't crack up this time

On Saturday, Panatta dug his huge serve into the slate-gray clay to come from behind and nearly upset Borg. Having split the first two sets, they struggled through four service breaks in the third before Panatta led 5-4 and held match point three times. But in a game that went to seven deuces, Borg held firm. On the third match point against him, all Borg could do was shiver in his tracks and watch as Panatta aimed a passing shot down the line. But the ball hit the net cord and bounced back. Borg held two ads before winning the game for 5-5. Then he ran off eight straight points to take the set and match 6-2, 4-6, 7-5.

Borg was in the midst of an important period of adjustment at Boca Raton. He and his fiancée, the Romanian player Mariana Simionescu, were sharing a villa with Borg's coach, Lenart Bergelin, in the final days of an idyll which would end when Bjorn and Mariana would have to leave on separate tennis circuits and be apart for the first time since June. They practiced together and ate Manana-cooked meals in their villa every night. On the other side of paradise Connors was enjoying a rare piece of solitude. Unencumbered by his usual footmen, lackeys and golfers, he played golf and kibitzed with children. The fact that he was

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

unaccompanied by everybody's favorite sports starlet, Marjorie Wallace, who did not arrive until Sunday, gave rise to inevitable questions about his relationship with Chris Evert, who was at home in Fort Lauderdale 20 miles down the road.

"Chris and I are doing fine," Connors said. "We talk on the phone a lot. She does her thing and I do mine. We're good friends. People should understand that."

Connors also said he was "into seriousness now. Really, seriously," he insisted. This was just before he postponed practice to catch the Three Stooges on TV and to play mimbike chicken with his partner-in-seriousness, Ike Nastase.

Connors and Orantes had divided straight-set victories in their previous two meetings and, though last week's rubber match was close, it was almost totally devoid of impressive shot-making.

Because of the wind and chill the players were encumbered by windbreakers and sweaters. Entire games would pass with no clear winners struck. Orantes won the first set tiebreak only because he made three unforced errors to Connors' five. Then Connors won five straight games to take the second set 6-2.

Neither player was enjoying himself, and Connors seemed utterly without motivation. Orantes served for the match at 5-3 but, severely hampered by a cramp in his left thigh, played four loose points to drop his serve.

Orantes carried on despite the pain and came to match point in the next game, but Connors did the kind of thing he always seems to do in the crunch. He ached his man. After Jimbo held for 5-all and led 15-40 in the 11th game, Orantes pulled up, unable to move.

Connors jumped the net and started massaging Orantes' leg. "Can he sit down to rest?" Connors asked Umpire Florence Blanchard.

"No," she said.

Orantes limped off to his default, pausing to shake Blanchard's hand.

"What an amazing person Manolo is," she said. "Such pain and hurt and, you know, he's not a very handsome man. But when he smiled up at me, his look was just, well, beatific."

Bjorn Borg, the game's coldest warrior, never has been called beatific. But as he demonstrated at the Grand Slam, he may be ready to be called the best. **END**

WINTERTIME, AND THE

No matter how you looked at it, hanging upside down in the Vermont sky or shivering on the sidelines of a south Florida tennis court, baby, it was cold outside. And because the icy winter wasn't about to go away soon, if ever, people simply had to get on with whatever they would have been doing if they were warm. At Boca Raton, Fla., it was in the 40s at courtside for the Grand Slam Tennis tournament. At Stratton Mountain, the country's top women freestylers assembled for the \$65,000 Coigate World Trophy competition, the premier event of their season. Much of the time they could scarcely warm up enough to buckle their boots, let alone attempt a double helicopter or triple backscratcher. During workouts the wind-chill factor was -74° , but the actual temperature rose to 9° for the meet. When the last skier had come to earth, the overall winner was Marion

In Boca Raton, Fla., a muffled cheer for Borg



In Vermont, freestyle champion Marion Post went up, over and down with the first-place prize money

LIVING IS FREEZY

Post of Averill Park, N.Y., the 1976 champion, who earned \$8,270 to help warm her weekend. At New York's Aqueduct, Steve Cauthen took to the weather as if chilblains were merely the name of another horse. From Monday to Friday, a stretch when post-time temperatures edged above freezing only once, the spectacular 16-year-old apprentice jockey booted home 11 winners. On Saturday he got really hot. Cauthen drew a mount for each of the day's nine races, run at 22°, and finished in the money every time: six winners, one second and two thirds, giving him 40 winners in two weeks. They race year round in New York nowadays, but the trout season doesn't open until April 1, which is a blessing, for the beloved Beaverkill has about a foot of ice. And if one of the nation's finest trout streams nearly freezes over, can spring be far behind? You bet it can.

END



At rigid Aqueduct, masked marvel Steve Cauthen kept burring up the track at a record pace

Near Roscoe, N.Y., a solitary cross-country skier sales forth in -16° weather on the fabled Beaverkill where fly-fishermen customarily tread



STAYING AT THE TOP OF HIS CLASS

In the first championship fight between two college graduates, Carlos Palomino (Long Beach State) retained his WBC welter title by coming from behind to knock out Mando Mufiz (L.A. State) in the last round in Los Angeles **by Pat Putnam**

Between them, Carlos Palomino and his manager, Jackie McCoy, a part-time longshoreman whose real moniker is Warren Spiro, had come up with a plan to protect the WBC welterweight champion's title. The strategy was secret, of course, not to be revealed until the opening minutes of last Saturday night's defense against rugged Mando Mufiz. "Once the fight starts," said McCoy, "it will be pretty apparent what we are trying to do."

There were many in Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium who felt that all the champion, a 10-to-8 favorite, would be trying to do would be to survive the back-alley assaults of Mufiz, whose style is equal parts buzz saw and mugger. "The only fundamental I ever mastered," says Mufiz, "is to wade straight in and hit whatever is in front of me."

Such tactics had given the 30-year-old college graduate 40 wins in 51 fights, but most of them had been wars, and it was said that Mufiz' age coupled with all those tough fights would lead to Mando's downfall. Palomino's secret, decided Vein Head, a local boxing character, would turn out to be patience. "He'll run, which isn't his style, and make the other guy chase him. They figure Mando's legs will go."

Still, Mufiz was the last guy McCoy had wanted for Palomino's first title defense since winning the championship from John Stracey in London last June. But then he had no choice. In order to get the Stracey fight, McCoy had to promise to give London promoter Mickey Duff the options to Palomino's first two title bouts. If he won. With Palomino going in as a 10-to-1 underdog, it was merely a formality.

"We were looking for a nice easy fight for Stracey," says Duff, still shaking his head. "I saw three of Palomino's fights. I figured he had to be one of the easiest guys around."

What Duff thought he saw was a good club fighter working his way through Long Beach State, from which Palomino, 27, graduated last December with a degree in recreation. His record (20-1-3)

was impressive, the way he won was not. Hardly famous for his punching power, he was a stand-up boxer with a good jab who liked to stay on top of his opponent. Unlike Mufiz, Palomino gave some thought to defense.

"His first seven or eight fights, about all I could say about him was that he

was a nice kid," says McCoy, who has managed four other world champions. "Then he broke his collarbone and laid off for a year. I don't know what happened. Before he was hurt he looked like a typical AAU fighter. When he came back he started punching a lot harder, looked a lot better."



Moved into the rankings as the No. 9 contender early last year, Palomino got the call from Duff. McCoy admits he wasn't too optimistic. Palomino told him not to worry; the title would be theirs.

"It was amazing," says McCoy. "Just to think that he was good enough to get a title fight gave him tremendous confidence. Then I got confident. I told Duff we were going to win."

"Oh, my God," said Duff. "I hope not." He hoped wrong.

"Stracey's style was perfect for me," says Palomino. "He stood straight up

with his hands held high. I just went to the body. By the fourth round I knew it was just a matter of time."

Dropped twice by hooks to the body, Stracey's time came in the 12th round.

Still in shock, Duff and Terry Lawless, Stracey's manager, rushed off to take another look at tapes of previous Palomino fights. They figured McCoy had slipped in a ringer. "It was Palomino," said Duff, "but it wasn't the Palomino on those tapes. Fighting for the championship just made him a better fighter in his mind. Boxing is much

more confidence than it is ability."

If that is true, it applies equally to Mufiz, who figured he had been a world champion since March 1975, the night in Acapulco when he stopped Jose Napoles, then the welterweight titleholder, only to lose the fight. A 10-to-1 underdog, Mufiz had Napoles bleeding from both eyes, the nose and the mouth and out on his feet in the 12th round.

"Then came the greatest disappointment of my life," says Vic Weiss, who now co-manages Mufiz with Harry Katseloff. "Instead of raising Mando's hand, the referee, Ramon Berumen, goes over and starts conferring with the officials."

"They were looking for a way to give it to Napoles," says Mufiz.

"And they found it," says Weiss. "They claimed Mando had butted him in the third round. The third? Here it is 10 rounds later. So they disqualify Mando and give it to Napoles. Later I ran into Jose Sulaiman, the president of WBC, and he compliments me on being such a gentleman after such a great disappointment. Gentleman, hell. I was in shock."

Later that year, under orders from Sulaiman, Napoles gave Mufiz another chance. This time the champion was better prepared and, while severely cut, he won an honest decision. After the announcement, Yolanda, Mufiz' wife and now the mother of three children, felt a hand at her elbow. The brother of then President Echeverria of Mexico was removing a silver watch from his wrist.

"This is a gift for Armando," he said. "It is my appreciation for the gallant battle he just waged."

"And I thought that was it," says Mufiz, a former L.A. State wrestling champion. "I thought I would never again get a title fight."

Then last summer Duff called McCoy and asked him whom he would like to have for Palomino's first title defense.

"How about somebody in Japan?"

"How about Mufiz?" said Duff.

"No way," said McCoy. "That's too tough a fight the first time out. How about something easier?"

Said Duff, "Even if you don't want to fight Mufiz, the bottom line is that you have to."

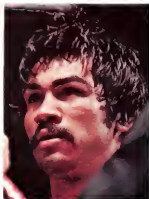
"O.K., I have to."

And so the fight was made: Palomino and Mufiz on Sept. 11. Palomino to get

continued

In the 15th round Palomino swarmed all over Mufiz before putting him down with a left hook.





Muñoz (left) and Palomino were both born in Mexico, became U.S. citizens and served at Fort Bragg.

\$60,000, which is three times what he made for winning the title; Muñoz to get \$20,000. Then Palomino bruised some ribs sparring and the fight was postponed until Nov. 6. That one didn't make it either. This time the champion fractured a finger hitting the heavy bag. A third date, last Saturday night, was set.

Despite McCoy's early objections, this was a fascinating match. For one thing, never before have two college graduates fought for a world championship. Both fighters are Mexican born—Palomino came to the U.S. at the age of 10, Muñoz at seven. Both have become U.S. citizens, both are from the Los Angeles area and both fought for the U.S. Army team at Fort Bragg, although at different times.

A call by Muñoz to some old friends at Fort Bragg got Palomino on the Army team. "But I really didn't do it for him," Muñoz says. "I did it for my trainer who was a friend of mine. I'm always reading where Carlos and I are close friends. Actually, we just know each other. With similar backgrounds and being in the same business, naturally we've met. But we've never gone anywhere together. But it's a nice story."

When Palomino was asked about Muñoz he smiled. It is said that he never fought a man he hasn't liked. "It wouldn't matter anyway. I like Mando, but we're in a tough business. And when you get in the ring you're just a

guy going to work. You do your job, you don't think about friendships."

Saturday night things began bleakly for the Weiss-Kabakoff combine. In a 10-round preliminary, they went in with Abel Cordoba and high hopes against Pete Ranzani, the No. 5 welter out of Sacramento. A 3-to-1 underdog, Cordoba started quickly, cut Ranzani under the right eye in the second round and then, strangely, all but stopped fighting. Slung by the cut and worried the fight would be stopped, Ranzani took command and knocked out Cordoba with 33 seconds to go in the seventh round.

Ten minutes later Weiss and Kabakoff returned with Muñoz to test Palomino's secret, which, as McCoy noted later, was somewhat less than an overwhelming success. In an effort to neutralize Muñoz' single-minded and punishing straight-ahead attack, McCoy wanted Palomino anywhere but directly in front of Mando. He was either to turn back the challenger or, failing that, to slide away sideways.

They should have told Muñoz. Not knowing he had been neutralized, he came out bunging and, with 19 seconds to go in the first round, dropped Palomino with a hook flush on the jaw. Palomino was up at nine, danced out of danger the last few seconds of the round, then went back to his corner and told McCoy he was fine. In the other corner, Weiss and Kabakoff were saying the same thing to Muñoz: "He's not hurt that bad-

ly," Muñoz was told. "Take your time."

Plodding on, ripping powerful punches to the head, Muñoz staggered Palomino in the third round, won the first four. Then Palomino went to work. When he throws them, which isn't often enough, his two-handed combinations from long range are devastating. Slowly he changed the complexion of the fight, winning the next three rounds, losing the eighth and ninth and winning the 10th. It had become as rough as McCoy had predicted.

At the end of 12 rounds, McCoy told Palomino, "If you want to keep the title you're going to have to win the last three rounds. It's that close."

Nedding, Palomino went out and won the 13th against a timing Muñoz, then had a big 14th, his best round.

While patching up a slight cut on the right side of Muñoz' nose, Kabakoff told the challenger, "I've got it figured dead even. You need a big round. Win this one and you'll be champion."

Both McCoy and Kabakoff had scored the fight right on the nose. After 14 rounds, Judge Dick Young had it even: 133-133. Judge Frank Rusch had Palomino ahead 135-133 and Referee John Thomas had Muñoz in front 133-132.

Palomino rushed out to open the 15th, dug a hook to the body and fired an overhead right to the head. Muñoz staggered and Palomino was on him, pouring in punches from every angle. With 1:15 to go, Muñoz was felled by a hook. He was up at nine, but badly hurt. Again Palomino swarmed over him. Although unable to defend himself, Muñoz stayed on his feet. With 22 seconds to go, Thomas stepped in and stopped it.

"So much for our plan," said McCoy. "Carlos won because he just outfought the other guy. Now with this under his belt there is no telling how good he can be. I expect he'll go right on improving during his next 10 fights."

And now Mickey Duff has one more option. Most likely he will give Stracey another shot at Palomino in London in March or April.

"This time it won't matter who Duff picks," McCoy said. "He's already given us the tough one. Stracey? I can't see what he can do that he didn't do in the first fight. Carlos doesn't care. He doesn't think there is a better weight in the world who can beat him now. I just wish I knew what it was that broken collarbone did for him."

END

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As the sun squeezes through the fog over San Francisco Bay, there is more than a new day dawning. Hard by the freshly scrubbed rabble of Haight-Ashbury, not far from the seamy glitter of North Beach and high atop the college basketball polls sits the University of San Francisco, last year's bad bet but this year's winner. Like California wine, the Dons are good, and getting better.

Most notably, the team has 19 straight victories, winning with such aplomb that it is untested as well as undefeated. Quarrelsome as usual, the Dons appear certain to snarl their way to the West Coast Athletic Conference title and have San Franciscans reminiscing about the days some 20 years ago when Bill Russell and K. C. Jones gave rise to the phrase "defensive pressure" and led USF to back-to-back NCAA championships and 60 straight victories (see page 28).

Perhaps only California could produce a team as dichotomous as this. At one moment it resembles the Beach Boys, at the next Hell's Angels. But the blithe coach, former USF star Bob Gaillard, hangs out a Do Not Disturb sign, sips some wine and says with a wink, "Remember the earthquake."

In a sense the earthquake struck last year. San Francisco lost its final three games, all in overtime, and four of its last five and in doing so approached an NCAA record for dissension and rumors. James Hardy, a soft-spoken, chess-playing forward nicknamed "Trouble," refused to play in the second half of the league championship game and several other disgruntled players were packing bags. After one particularly depressing loss, Gaillard and his assistant, Dan Beluomini, found themselves at 2 a.m. at a truck stop on the outskirts of Cincinnati, drowning their sorrows in weak coffee

and commiserating with two women bowlers. "Don't worry so much," said one, "you can't hit the head pin every time."

Good advice. Gaillard closed his ears to critics who claimed he should not play so many freshmen—he started three—and this year the silence is deafening. The team's average margin of victory is 19.3 points, and it is averaging 94.6 points a game. The Dons are also among the nation's leaders in field-goal (.544) and free-

Now things are heavenly. Hardy admits "I thought about transferring," and Boynes was contacted by both Louisville and Oklahoma, but only Guard Russ Coleman switched, enrolling at his hometown University of the Pacific. Despite some feeling that it already had too many players, USF shuffled the deck and came up with a new ace in playmaker Chubby Cox, a 6' 2" transfer guard who was a starter for two years at Villanova. He has replaced the bad shot with the good pass

and is the reason the Dons have 95 more assists and 133 fewer turnovers than the opposition. To demonstrate his contentions, Cox went through four days of practice without taking a shot. "There's more respect for each other now," says Hardy. "Last year we had a lot of bloody practices, but it all worked out."

Occasionally San Francisco still gives the impression of a team that doesn't truly care about the game, but this is a facade. Except for a brief spell when he had an ankle injury, Boynes cannot remember the last day he did not hold a basketball. He has a key to the gym and even practiced shooting on Christmas. "Only for 90 minutes," he points out. "After all, it was Christmas Day." The quick and slick guard once injured his ankle jogging on the hilly streets at 11 p.m. Frequently he roams the city or sits in hotel lobbies all night when he cannot get his mind off basketball. "I used to have kids," he says. "Now I want people to look up to me."

That the 6' 1/2" Boynes is a guard confounds some clubs, but just as important, his switch to the backcourt from forward has allowed 6' 6" senior Marlon Redmond to move back inside where he was all-conference as a sophomore. Gaillard was asked why Cartwright, not getting more rebounds—he led the team only twice in his first 17 games. "Pretty hard to do when you have to go up against Redmond and Hardy every night," the coach answered drily.

It is an indication of the club's strength that its team captain, Jeff Randall, its best

continued

THE STREAKS OF SAN FRANCISCO

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Winners of 19 straight games, the Dons are the top-ranked college basketball team in the country. All they need is 41 more to match their celebrated alumni

throw (.774) percentage, and are unchallenged at flamboyant dunks, especially those by Hardy, who after one spectacular stuff sold the dazed defenders, "That was over you, and you, and you."

Hardy is one of the squad's remarkable sophomores. Two others are Bill Cartwright, the 7-foot center from Elk Grove, Calif., and Winford Boynes, who was named Northern California Player of the Year last season. When the three first arrived on campus amidst a shower of newspaper clippings, optimistic fans predicted instant title. Instead they got 22-8, that disastrous finish—including a first-round loss in the NIT—and were in need of a team psychiatrist. The problem was that the veterans did not take kindly to the precocious newcomers. After one fight in practice, Forward Ray Hamilton, an ordained minister, muttered, "The devil's in the gym."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DWANE

Riding toward the NCAA title on an appropriately numbered cable car are the Dons' starters: (from left) Hardy, Cox, Redmond, Cartwright, Boynes.

THE MAGIC NUMBERS WERE 6 AND 60



No team with Bill Russell on it lost very often

Like the earthquake, Nob Hill and the Golden Gate Bridge, the University of San Francisco basketball teams of the mid-1950s are Bay Area institutions. Winford Boynes, Bill Cartwright and James Hardy were not yet born when the Dons were winning 60 consecutive games—and two NCAA championships—from Dec. 17, 1954 to, coincidentally, Dec. 17, 1956. Bill Russell and K. C. Jones they know from the NBA Game of the Week. But who be those other dudes?

In their day they were members of what was considered the best college basketball team ever assembled. By current standards their pace was slow and their shooting percentages poor, but as the first unbeaten champion in NCAA history they won as no team ever had before and as only six have since: North Carolina in 1957; UCLA in '64, '67, '72, '73; Indiana last year. The Dons' success was built around the rebounding, shot blocking and short-range scoring of Russell, the center, who was such a dominant inside force that after both championships the NCAA devised anti-Russell weapons. In 1955 it widened the free-throw lane to 12 feet and in 1956 it prohibited the guiding of errant shots into the basket.

Almost everyone remembers that Russell and Jones went from San Francisco to the Melbourne Olympics, then on to the Boston Celtics and, finally, pro coaching careers. Russell is now with Seattle, and Jones is an assistant in Milwaukee. Few people realize, though, that it was Guard Hal Perry, not Jones, who was the only Don to start with

Russell in both NCAA tournaments. Jones missed the 1956 event because his eligibility had expired. He was replaced by Gene Brown, who scored 16 points in the final win over Iowa. Brown is still in San Francisco, as a regional director for the Small Business Administration.

The Dons' 60-game winning streak began with Perry's first collegiate start, against Oregon State. Now he is an Oakland attorney—one of his clients is Willie Mays—and is the founder of a youth-help organization called Justice For Our Youth. Perry follows the current Dons more closely than any of his old teammates, attending all the home games and listening to the others on the radio.

There was a different set of forwards for each of the two championship teams: Jerry Mullen and Stan Buchanan in '55 and Mike Farmer and Carl Boldt in '56. Mullen today sells heavy equipment in Eureka, Calif., and Buchanan teaches English and environmental education at a high school in Marin County.

Like Russell and Jones, Farmer also played professionally, spending six years with New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis. He coached on the high school level, too, but now is a distributor of medical supplies for Sherwood Industries in Richmond, Calif.

Boldt got professional experience of another sort, first as an NBA scout, then as director of player personnel for the ABA's Los Angeles Stars. While at a high school in Southern California he coached Mike Newlin, now of the Houston Rockets. Today Boldt has his own sales and mail-order merchandising business in Los Angeles.

Even with the graduation of the Russell-Jones-Perry nucleus, San Francisco went to the final four in 1957, finishing third. Ironically, it was the Olympic team of Russell and Jones that gave the Dons their first (unofficial) loss that season: Illinois later officially ended the 60-game streak. Coach Phil Woolpert, besieged by nervous and physical troubles, retired after two more years and worked for a local vending-machine company until 1961, when he coached 15 games in the American Basketball League. From 1962 to '72 he was coach and athletic director at Little University of San Diego and now is semiretired, living in an expanded house trailer in rural Sequim, Wash. and driving a school bus.

San Francisco held the record for extended excellence until UCLA came along with its 88 wins in a row during the Bill Walton era. But the former Don players give away nothing to the more modern teams. "I just can't conceive a club with Bill Russell losing," says Buchanan. Russell recalls, with relish, that "we beat everybody."

Cartwright & Co. can look it up.

—LARRY KEITH

shooter, Rod Williams, and a richly talented guard, Allen Thompson (nicknamed "Mr. Clean" because he does his laundry twice a day), all are on the bench. "Man for man, going down to the 11th man, we got to be the best," says Boynes. "Sophomore — what is a sophomore? Just a title. We were young last year. This year we are ready to do it." Cartwright says, "The only weakness we have is that there aren't enough positions for the players."

And a tendency to get bored. Gaillard asked a player about his idea of a good practice. "About 2½ hours of scrimmaging," he answered.

"Well, what's a bad practice?"

"Ten minutes of drills."

And when a misunderstanding caused several players to miss a holiday workout, Chubby Cox shook his head and told the coaches, "I don't think they should be punished."

"They're out for five games," answered Belluomini with mock severity.

"Well, we're getting a new assistant coach then," said Cox.

Because of its weak schedule the rest of the season, some critics term USF the Rutgers of the West. But during December, playing most games away from its cramped, 6,000-seat War Memorial gym, USF beat Tennessee, Utah, Florida State, Oral Roberts, St. John's and Arizona State, whipped Houston twice and won three tournaments. As the final seconds ticked off during an 81-63 victory at Seattle, which was supposed to challenge for the WCAC title, Cox swaggered over to Gaillard and said, "That was supposed to be hard?" And near the end of another game safely won, Hardy missed the first of two free throws and was chagrined when an opponent clapped derisively.

"You like that?" said Hardy. "It's no big thing. Here, I'll miss another one." Which he did, and Boynes tipped in the rebound.

"See what I mean?" Hardy yelled as he ran downcourt.

This is the sort of behavior that enuses Gaillard to refer to Hardy as "the eccentric genius." When he first saw him in high school, Gaillard told assistants Larry Gilmann and Belluomini, "He's too good. We'll never get him." Last year Hardy led the team in rebounding in 17 of the first 26 games. Then in the league championship game against Pepperdine, upset because the ball wasn't moving around, he refused to play in the second

half, and the Dons lost by a point in overtime. Gaillard benched him throughout the ensuing NIT loss to North Carolina-Charlotte. Says Hardy, "The debate was whether it was better to take 35 shots a game and lose or take 13 shots and win. It made more sense to win."

Hardy projects a complex image, but his bark may be worse than his bite. The San Francisco papers regularly use a dour picture of him that belongs on a Most Wanted flyer. Considering his 6'9" size and his nickname, the bravest people in town may be the burglars who broke into his apartment and stole a stereo and television set. He rarely smiles, yet cheers for the USF women's volleyball team in his role as its mascot. He dabbles in drama and art, had a 3.4 grade average last semester, is considering law school and says, "Any city is bad for you. I'd rather live in a treehouse in Alabama. Sometimes basketball injures scare me. I could wind up playing Lieutenant Ironside."

Hardy is the equivalent of a child prodigy bored with the rudiments of education. Slowdown games, he says, "make me sick." As for guards, "I don't give them any respect." What gets his attention is the dunk, his spectacular specialty. One variation is the "squeak dunk," in which he rubs the ball against the glass backboard before slamming it home. He had six stiffs against Cal Poly-Pomona. "It makes you want to hold onto the rim, stay up there with your adrenaline flowing," he says. "You want to run, to jump. You can't wait until the next one."

Hardy has an affinity for the bizarre. In a high school scrimmage, one of his tip-ins was ruled an illegal dunk. A few plays later, with Gaillard sitting wide-eyed in the stands, he bulled his way to the basket, sprang high, double pumped and ferociously slammed the ball through the quivering basket. Then he yelled to the official, "That's a dunk." This year against Arizona State, he was undercut while driving to the basket. He went to the foul line to shoot and motioned the opponents lining the lane to come closer, then told them bitterly, "Don't any of you guys come down the middle." They didn't.

Most coaches wouldn't put up with that kind of mouthing, but as Gaillard says, "This is not a military site." USF has no curfew, does not look at films, practices loosely, disdains calisthenics and running drills, has no playbooks, uses less chalk than any team in the nation

and fails to close the locker room door for postgame meetings. "They wouldn't pay attention anyway," says the coach. "They're worried about what they got going on the outside. All the guys who didn't play are mad, and the others are figuring out how I messed up."

"You never know what our guys are going to do," says Assistant Coach Gillman. They still quarrel among themselves, grouse when they are taken out, and hunch up at the far end of the bench, casting ominous looks. During halftime one night all the players except Redmond were gathered around a disgruntled teammate who said he had "heard voices" in the first half telling him not to shoot. Redmond just shook his head.

"Lots of young boys in here," he said. Gaillard, meanwhile, is worried about coaches who drill their players while making them carry bricks in each hand, wondering about the wisdom of allowing potentially dangerous weapons in the gym.

Many theories have been advanced as to why the Dons are so improved. Hardy may have summed it up best when he said, "We are we." That means talented. And last year Gaillard used a free substitution system—if no one was kneeling at the scorer's table, it must have been halftime. Now he has settled on a seven-man rotation.

But the major change is in Cartwright. He was a sensational high school player in the rural California community of Elk Grove, scoring 66 points in one game, but he was not strong enough for college and spent his first year doing "the hesitation step." During the summer he worked with weights and now is a different player. He leads the team in scoring, is second in rebounding, broke a school record (held by Gaillard) when he poured in 43 points against Florida State, is shooting .564 and is All-Nice. "I never claimed to be that good," Cartwright says.

For his part, Gaillard is All-Cool, an unconventional man who showed up for a recent writers' luncheon wearing jeans, sneakers and tennis sweater. His penchant for honesty leaves his tracks uncovered and bridges burning behind him. He has the gall to term the basic fan racially prejudiced, admits he got into coaching because of a sickly fear of "wearing wing tips in the financial district" and snorts that "recruiting is 80% of coaching. If a player makes a free

throw, I'm smart. If not, does that make me stupid?"

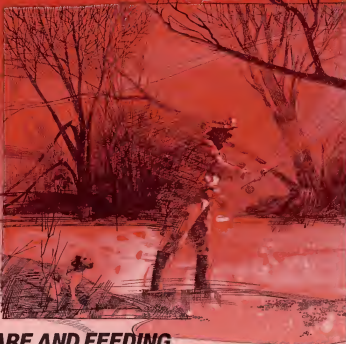
Gaillard started what he calls "brainwashing" Cartwright as a sophomore in high school, making perhaps 100 trips to see him, speaking at Elk Grove school banquets and scheduling the school in preliminary games at USF. He gave Hardy advice on his girl friend, attended his sister's wedding and wound up helping to cook dinner in the family's Long Beach, Calif. home. Boynes is from Oklahoma City and was one of the nation's most recruited players. Gillman wore out a checkerboard playing games with Boynes' family, but it seemed that every time the prep star was about to sign with USF, Louisville Coach Denny Crum would show up and take him on a long automobile ride, leaving Gaillard with poised pen on the porch, talking to Boynes' mother. That was Crum's mistake. "We have recruited a lot of mothers at USF," says Gaillard. "We have an All-America mother team."

Much about basketball bores Gaillard. His whistle is probably rusty. When the officials, somewhat gleefully, discovered an opposing team had committed a minor scoreboard violation and called a technical foul, Gaillard yelled crossly at them, "Forget the T. Play the game. You're cutting into my drinking time."

Last year Gaillard, stung by criticism, considered taking the athletic director's job at the University of Hawaii, but now he is enjoying life as the Prince of Union Street, the hip section of town. Recently pro football players Larry Schreiber and Gene Washington offered him membership card No. 1 in their new, plush private club called Mamm's. The number fitted Gaillard's style as well as his team's ranking.

Gaillard's major asset is his comfortable relationship with the players—he coaches the way they would if their roles were reversed. And he needed it when Hardy rebelled. While they were thrashing out the problem, Hardy distilled it to its essence when he told the coach, "People forget I'm still a kid in a man's body."

That could be said for most of the Dons. Only now they are beginning to mature, to put aside their petty quarrels and grow up, and unless someone can stop them soon, or offer Hardy that treehouse in Alabama, it seems that USF is the new monster on the West Coast for years, and years, and years. . . .



THE CARE AND FEEDING OF A TROUT STREAM

Charlie Fox' tender ministrations have rescued Pennsylvania's Letort

by ART LEE

Not a few members of the angling Establishment used to say Charlie Fox was nuts. Charlie refused to conform to notions. He had ideas. His ideas made people uncomfortable because he sought to cut through the crepe of tradition and to start over. He would never accept that a thing could not be done if you thought it through and maintained perspective. Luckily, Charlie Fox has always been too optimistic to be intimidated, too romantic to have tunnel vision and too correct to go unheeded forever.

Charlie Fox is 68 now and retired; at

one time or another he was an editor of outdoor books, a probation officer and a land acquisition specialist for the state of Pennsylvania.

He should be everybody's grandfather. He is an intuitive teacher who will fascinate you when he talks about the trees and the birds and the sounds of the stream and the woods—without your realizing it is a lesson. Charlie fondles nature. You sense it when he finds a clutch of mallard eggs and whispers as if afraid to wake them, or as he follows a praying mantis across the meadow, his nose barely a foot off the turf. His humility is inspiring, yet he is impatient with scientists and their laws, and he detests autocrats. Charlie is unique.

"I never liked indiscriminate stocking very much," Charlie declares, pointing a liver-spotted hand to a tailing brown trout rooting in the elodea of his darling little stream, the famed Letort, as it meanders across the Pennsylvania countryside near Carlisle. He is sitting on one of the benches he has placed along the banks for observation and contemplation and conversation and, he hopes, perception. The stream slides milky green before him, and while he chats, his eyes dart from one to another of the many fish you can clearly see grazing in the weed beds. "Well, sir, I knew these fish could take care of themselves if they were given half a chance. So, my neighbor Vince Marinaro and I, we got together, and we posted the property we owned for fly-fishing only and a one-trout limit, and we made some people awful mad.

"Then we applied to the state Fish Commission, after a change of admin-



istration provided a more enlightened bunch, and we told them we would open up our property as long as it was administered by them as a special-regulations area. They said O.K. And that was how it started."

When you look into the Letort's lime-stone-rich water, you will find Charlie Fox etched in every current. He is deep in it, just as it is deep in him, and while Charlie might not much care to cut grass or weed vegetable gardens, he has swayed over his Letort as Michelangelo did on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

What's so delightful about the Letort is that it doesn't have the look of a fixed-up stream. Except for one small stretch in Carlisle, there are no retaining walls or riprap, or any of those horrible flat stone and masonry dams that are sometimes constructed on club waters and make you feel that you are fishing on an uncovered amusement-park tunnel of love. The Letort wanders through thick-

ets of buttonwoods and tangles of honeysuckle and wild grapes. The branches of old willows bow over it and shade the spring water. Their roots reach out to drink and to give cover to the wild brown trout. You would have to be told that one stretch is a new channel, dug out when Interstate 81 took the old bed a decade or so ago.

"I had a lot of meetings with the engineers in those days," Charlie recalls. "I think they thought I was crazy at first. They knew for certain I was a terrible pest. But they went over the plans with me, all right, and when it was decided to dig the new channel, they gave us time to do our work before they put the water through. I buried some old steel drums open ended in the bottom for cover. And I toiled rock in for channels and to try to hold the current, and the weeds and the rest of it took care of themselves. It looked like a bad situation at the time, but by showing them we had some plans

of our own, they cooperated pretty well, and, all in all, I think it worked out better than could be expected."

Another major problem was gravel. There wasn't enough gravel to spawn the number of fish the fertile stream could support. So, Charlie bought piles of it, which he has spread, a bucket at a time, along a stretch he figured would be ideal. And last fall he inspired the local chapter of Trout Unlimited to add gravel to another section of the stream.

"Well, sir, I didn't figure well enough. No, I didn't. It wasn't that easy." Charlie shakes his head, takes off his battered hat and runs a forearm across his brow. "You see, the trout are very territorial, and I didn't count on that. Oh, they'd spawn all right. But did they ever fight."

"So I wondered what would happen if they were out of sight of each other, and I got this idea for stalls, like stalls in a barn. Well, the people up at the quarry said I could have all the scrap I wanted,

continued

and I started hauling it in the back of my car to make those ridges, so when the fish got in them, they could mind their own business. It worked just dandy. They still fight, but only until they get into position. Then everything's all right, and they really go to town.

"Then I got to wondering whether the fish were getting enough aeration for the eggs and for the little ones after they hatched, and the more I thought about it, the more I doubted they were. So while I was at it, I made this small aeration dam at the base of the flat just above the spawning ground, and boy, oh, boy, did that ever make a difference. The water bubbles up as it goes through it and over it, and I left openings on either end to be sure there'd be easy access for the fish to travel. It works just dandy.

"Do you know, there's an awful big fellow that lays right in front of that horse-shoe where all the flood channels in I haven't caught him yet, but, boy, is he ever a big one."

Charlie never caught that one, but admirers claim he has hooked and released enough Letort browns to know most of them by name. His handling of each trout is so tender, you might think they'd rise to his flies just to break up the day. But not if you've once heard him connive to fool fish. He's demonic. The joy of challenging Letort trout is that you never quite have them figured. There are no village idiots. Every one will give you fits, and to average a couple an outing is to be one heck of an angler. No quarter is given, not even to Charlie Fox. On this stream, he's just another bushwhacker, but a little better than the rest.

The staple of the Letort trout's diet in recent years is the trillions of sow bugs and freshwater shrimp inhabiting the elodea beds that carpet much of the stream. Despite the insect larvae transplants that fortify some hatches and an eccentric attachment Charlie and others obviously hold for such questionable characters as the Japanese beetle, spraying and fertilizing at the stream's source are believed to have severely depleted the Letort's production of aquatic fly life. Farming is a very profitable business thereabouts, and Charlie Fox contends that farming and fishing can coexist.

"Oh, yes, the spraying has hurt the stream, no doubt about that whatsoever," he says, dropping to one knee like an on-deck hitter. He scoops up a handful of elodea, and in seconds his hand is crawl-

ing with bugs. "But it's a very tough political problem, and we shouldn't forget the farmers are neighbors and good friends and have helped us, too.

"These are really the ticket," he states confidently, snaking his hand in front of you like a hula dancer. The hand has become a wet little world, with crowds of small olive-colored beings hustling as if to catch subway trains to his wrist. "The weeds are alive with them, more than we ever had years ago. And, boy, do those trout ever go for them. They're a dandy food source, and the growth of these fish tells me they must be very rich in protein indeed. Some of the trout feed exclusively on sow bugs.

The sow bugs and shrimp guarantee a plentiful source of food year round, and because Letort spring water is warmed or cooled very little along its short flow, the fish feed actively, despite the season.

"Well, sir, the winter fishing is the real bonus of this whole deal, and the shrimp more than anything else are the key to it." Charlie jumps to his feet as two big wakes sweep across a flat. "A fight!" He is excited. "They're two big fellows jockeying for feeding stations. It happens all the time." It may happen all the time, but the tilt clearly awakens a part of Charlie that is original man. You see it again when he plays one-on-one basketball with his son Chip. "Those two right there just can't seem to stay out of each other's way," he says. "Look at them go."

You expect he's going to get you to bet on the outcome, so you propose it to him.

"It wouldn't be fair," he laughs. "The same one always wins. He's like Muhammad Ali." As quick as the fight started it is over, and the flat is quiet again, broken occasionally by the rhythmic tail of a single fish where the big wakes had first shown.

"In the winter sometimes, they really get to flying around," he says. "You can see them better now, because a lot of the weed is down. When I first started coming here to watch them and I'd see them rooting, it didn't take long before I was pretty sure what they were feeding on. That really put me in business."

Charlie searches a vest pocket or two and finally digs out a small, clear plastic box. He taps it a couple of times as one would a snuffbox, checks the breeze, then opens it and hands it over. "They're the same ones we use all year round when they're rooting. These are Al Troth's patterns, by the way—imitations of the sow

bug and the shrimp. He sends them to me from out in Montana, and I always keep a good supply on hand." Charlie takes the box back. He sifts through it with his index finger, captures a couple of flies and passes them to you like kids pass Sen-Sen. "Give them a try," he says, snapping the box shut. It goes into a different pocket than it came out of, but he doesn't seem to notice and certainly couldn't care. He will find it again when it is needed.

Charlie never could resist fishing. Sometimes he will plead to you he has work to do, but you won't be fishing long before you are aware of his presence behind you. He cannot stay away any more than his Letort could freeze over in winter. That is what has been so good for the stream and for the anglers who fish there. It is essential Charlie Fox. He kibitzes a little and helps you plenty, if you want it. But Charlie would never intrude, and you can be certain he would never be one of those who dazzle you with mouthwork. Being with Charlie Fox is being with the stream, and even if you are one who seeks solitude, to fish without him, if you have fished with him, leaves something important out of it.

In February and March the fertile land of the Cumberland Valley is bare. The weed is down and the fish are skittish. The Letort is gray, and the only green is in the meadows along the banks, where spring-water seepage coddles the soil enough for grass to sprout. Cock pheasants crow from the tangles and hedgerows, and against the openness of the leafless banks you feel too bulky to ever hope to stalk a wary Letort brown. When you hook one, you feel grander yet.

Charlie will be out there when you arrive. His face is windburned, and he talks about the fall spawning and the new crop of fish we will have to look forward to. You sit on the same bench that you sat on during the summer of greens and yellows, but now you are bundled up in a goose-down jacket. Charlie looks alive. The fish are taking on the flat. The Letort is alive. With the foliage down, you can hear all the cars and trucks racing over the bridge which spans the stretch that Charlie's being out there brought to fulfillment, and you wonder if anybody ever stops before heading into Carlisle, to take a hard look up and down the banks. The world is naked now, but the Letort's banks, upstream and down, are very, very clean.



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BUSHELS OF BASKETS ON SUNDAY

This is television's year of the hoop. With NBC doing college games on both Saturday and Sunday afternoons and CBS telecasting NBA doubleheaders on most Sundays, the networks are showing an unprecedented amount of basketball. In the process, they should get conclusive answers to a couple of questions: How many basketball fans are there, and do their loyalties lie with the pros or with the colleges? Executives at both NBC and CBS freely admit that this all adds up to a rousing race for ratings, and each network has pumped a lot of money into backing its entry. So who will ultimately win the battle of the baskets? The fans.

Until this winter, college and pro sports have never challenged each other for TV audiences on a regular basis, but starting four weeks ago the two have knocked heads each Sunday, with first returns showing the pros with an early lead. One reason the NBA is out front is its \$47.9 million, four-year contract with CBS that went into effect this season. From a broadcaster's point of view, the contract is the most liberal ever between a major league and a network. CBS may regionalize its telecasts (up to six games per Sunday), or run one national game if it feels a particular matchup warrants countrywide coverage. It also may do doubleheaders and even switch from a one-sided game to a close one.

This flexibility should preclude any of those dismal afternoons—which occurred all too frequently in past seasons—when the network showed a meaningless game that had been scheduled for in advance, instead of a concurrent one of real significance in the standings. Two weeks ago in New York, for example, viewers saw the surging 76ers in one game, the hometown Knicks in another, plus spot reports from a Celtics-Nets game in which the recently rejuvenated Dave Cowens was playing. Thus, during one afternoon, New York fans, who presumably are most interested in the NBA's Atlantic Division, got at least a glimpse of four of the division's five teams.

"I'm extremely happy with the setup we now have with the NBA," says Barry Frank, head of CBS Sports. "We can decide on Mondays what games we want to do the next Sunday. This means that we can be on top of

breaking stories in the NBA. So far the ratings show that we have beaten the college games on NBC the first two weeks, and I feel that things will get better as we get closer to the playoffs."

Perhaps. Last season viewers became accustomed to watching NBC's Saturday college doubleheaders featuring one regional and one national game. And the ratings on Saturday were better for college ball than the ones on Sunday were for the pros. Part of NBC's problem may be that numerous

viewers have not yet discovered that the colleges are being telecast on Sundays. Whatever the cause of the slow start, NBC's vice-president for sports, Carl Lindemann Jr., is naturally concerned about his network's \$3 million investment in college hoops. Before last week's televising of Notre Dame vs. UCLA, one of the most attractive matchups of this or any season, he said, "This game should draw a good rating. If it doesn't, we're in trouble."

The fans certainly aren't, because when networks fight for ratings, the results can be rewarding. More cameras, technical goodies and imagination are employed. One indication of just how intent each network is on selling its brand of basketball is the extensive reporting of events in the sport that have little or nothing to do with the game that is being telecast.

Billy Packer, NBC's analyst on national college games, is another example of how basketball fans are getting a better shake. A two-time All-Atlantic Coast Conference guard at Wake Forest in the early '60s, Packer, 36, got into broadcasting five years ago as a columnist on the locally produced ACC Game of the Week. Although he has since covered three NCAA tournaments and become the best basketball commentator around, he still considers announcing a hobby; his principal job is heading Butler Enterprises, a Winston-Salem, N.C. supplier of



PACKER DISCUSSES STRATEGY, NOT STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

hotel and motel equipment and furniture.

"I'm not the kind of announcer who tells the viewers which player likes strawberry ice cream," Packer says. "I try to explain why one team is ahead of another and what the other team has to do to catch up. I don't spend a lot of time talking to coaches, because as an assistant coach at Wake Forest, I found out how quickly plans go off kilter. My role is to get the viewers to think about what is happening, instead of just watching the game."

"I really love basketball, and the easiest way for me to watch a game—any game—is to announce it. That way, there aren't any outside distractions. So it's a great hobby for me, and I expect that's what it'll remain. Sure, I've enjoyed the attention I've gotten from working for NBC, but as people back home like to remind me, I'm just a fat little Polish guy who is going bald." And telling the bare facts about basketball well enough to have received the rarest sort of praise for an announcer: acclaim from players and coaches in the sport he is covering.

There are still seven weeks of head-to-head competition between the colleges and pros. NBC's ratings, after the slow start, are improving, and it should be remembered that seven of the 10 top-rated basketball games ever to appear on television involved college teams. That alone should be incentive enough for NBC to keep fighting.

END

In a small, shut-in community near the southern border of Illinois dwells a remarkable basketball player who can with equal proficiency shred a net with a jump shot and solve a linear equation. His name is Mike Glenn and he is the greatest thing to hit Carbondale since Walt Frazier.

While the Rackey Greens and Phil Fords get all the ink, Glenn plays in comparative obscurity at Southern Illinois University. One reason is that Glenn was a player without a conference until SIU was admitted to the Missouri Valley last year. SIU finished second in the standings, but Glenn was named the Valley's Player of the Year.

Glenn's jump shot may be the best in the country, as a sophomore he sank 61% of his field-goal attempts to lead the nation's guards, and he is just as adept in the classroom. A math major, he has a 3.45 grade average. In his spare time, Glenn, who knows sign language, does volunteer work with deaf children.

Carbondale is a small rural town with a population that just about matches the university enrollment of 24,000 students, and there is a certain amount of enmity between a populace dressed in overalls and a school where the all-night party was a required course. In fact, years ago, when coal mining was the principal occupation, Carbondale was a stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan. Says a farmer dressed in baggy pants, a thermal jacket and a yellow baseball cap, "It used to be that people thought the only good black folks 'round here were whites with coal dust on their faces." Says SIU Coach Paul Lambert, "I think there used to be a racist element."

Nowadays, Glenn is a kind of folk hero. Mostly he keeps to himself, sometimes spending as much as four hours a day in the school library. But whenever he is about the town, he is certain to be approached by a fan who wants to talk basketball or ask for an autograph. He has the kind of charisma that inspired one agent to suggest he skip his senior year and enter the NBA hardship draft, promising him a movie contract as part of the deal.

When Lambert recruited Glenn, a high school coach at Atlanta told him, "Get excited. You've just signed the best shooter in the country." "I didn't get excited then," says Lambert, "but since

Glenn plus ball makes two

Math major Mike Glenn of Southern Illinois could well equal Walt Frazier



Thanks to Glenn, the Salukis are no dogs

then I have. People say he has a Jerry West-type jump shot. I know he has refined shooting to an art. A lot of guys have the physical ability to be great shooters, but where he has the edge is in his shot selection, probably because of his science and math background. He is a very calculating type of person and he can analyze the defense."

The notable thing about Glenn is not that he is averaging 21 points a game or shooting 58% from the floor this year, but that he is doing it mostly from long range. He rarely drives, and consequently is fouled so little that he did not shoot enough times to qualify for the national free-throw title last year (Glenn sank 49 of 54 free throws, a percentage of .907; the Division I leader made 71 of 80 for a .888 percentage). Most of his shots come from 20 feet. "It leaves his hand and you're surprised when it doesn't go in," says Pat Williams, general manager of the Philadelphia 76ers. "Many scouts say, 'All the guy can do is shoot.' Hey, that's really the name of the game." Former NBA player Jim King, now the coach at the University of Tulsa, agrees. "As far as I'm concerned," says King, "Mike's the greatest shooter in the country."

"Mike takes shots you are normally glad to see an opposing player take," says Joe Stowell, the coach at Bradley. "Only he hits them." So much so that Lambert constantly has to prod his other players not to turn and head downcourt whistling the school fight song as Glenn cuts loose. "Mike'll hit five in a row and his man will stop and look at him," says Mel Hughlett, a senior forward. "Then he'll hit five more and the guy'll just give up. He'll quit."

Glenn's shooting touch was acquired as a child growing up in Cave Spring, Ga., near Rome. His father taught at the Georgia School for the Deaf and coached the basketball team; Mike spent most of his time in the gym. At home he played every day against his older brother, Charles, on a goal set up in the backyard, and cried when he lost. At night he would practice, then the next day again challenge his brother. Finally he beat him. Finally he beat everybody. "I'd be disappointed if I couldn't shoot after all that work and effort," says Glenn. "Every summer, it'd be 90° outside and I'd be in that gym playing mind games. I guess I beat Walt Frazier at least 100,000

continued

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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

TR7

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times one-on-one with last-second shots. First I started with books on shooting. Then I practiced without the ball, just getting the form down and strengthening my wrist. I can't tell you the nights I lay in bed just flicking my wrist at the ceiling. Right now I think I'm about at the maximum. I just try to keep my touch because I don't think I can get much better at it."

In the last eight years Glenn can remember losing only one game of "horse," the universal game of shooting, and that was in high school. "I can't find a reason to drive," he shrugs. "If you get a step you can shoot the jumper, so I wind up shooting the jumper. I've heard that pro scouts don't think I have the speed I'm not worried. I think I can play with any guard in the NBA right now. I'm confident."

Glenn was a recruiter's dream when he came out of high school, president of his class, a good student. Player of the Year in his state. North Carolina's Dean Smith told Glenn that he had wanted only one other player as much, and he was Bob McAdoo. But Glenn and his friend Corky Abrams had made a pact to attend school together, and SIU agreed to take them both. When Lambert called at the Glenn home, Mike used sign language to tell his father. "I like this guy."

It was not the only time Glenn rebuffed Dean Smith. Last summer he turned down an invitation to compete in trials for the Olympic basketball team, which was coached by Smith. Instead he stayed in Carbondale and took a special math course and worked with deaf children at a nearby camp. "I find it fulfilling," he says. "Just like my father. He's had offers to teach at many other colleges but he'll never leave. He finds his work rewarding. I did, too, just seeing the smiles on their faces. Wherever I am, I'll find out where the deaf school is and visit."

Glenn chose Southern Illinois only because Abrams came. He has been a fan of Walt Frazier since Frazier led Southern Illinois to the NIT title in 1967. One of his biggest thrills came when the Knick star visited his old school one summer and Glenn defeated him in a series of one-on-one games. Frazier said, "Mike Glenn will make the people of Carbondale forget Walt Frazier."

Glenn is 6' 3" and slightly built; soft-spoken, relaxed and almost laconic. In a game he rarely comes out shooting, aware

the other team is usually psyched to shoot him out. Thus, in turn, bulls opponents into carelessness. "I like the team concept," says Glenn. "I like to be there if they need me, but a guy just coming down and taking a lot of shots, that's the type of thing that can destroy a team." His coaches wish he would shoot more. "If Mike weren't such a darn smart player he'd take a bad shot every once in a while and he'd average 30 points a game," says George Iubelt, an SIU assistant.

A shooting star often breeds jealousy, but Glenn's teammates, if anything, yearn for him to be recognized. Chicago is 340 miles away. St. Louis is 100 and Glenn occasionally must feel as if he is in a publicity vacuum. But he is the last to complain. He is a conservative, reserved young man. The other day he was asked about his rather plain style of dress. "I wouldn't feel like I was being myself in a big hat and high heels," he answered after some thought. "It's all just a misquotation anyway."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST For attaining supremacy in Utah basketball, Weber State earned a coveted, albeit obscure, award: the Old Ogumh Bucket. The Bucket draws its name from a Utah mountain range, and the Wildcats gained possession of it by beating Utah State 89-76. Coupled with earlier victories over Utah, BYU and State, that clinched the trophy for Weber State. Stan Mayhew of the Wildcats was at his best against the Aggies, setting team records with 45 points and 20 rebounds. Weber State later solidified its Big Sky lead by downing Northern Arizona 92-86 in overtime.

Arizona tied Utah for first place in the Western AC, outpunning the Utes 102-98 and BYU 113-85. Here, the Germi Harris of the Wildcats bugged opponents by scoring 35 points in each contest. Utah came back to stop Arizona State 77-66.

Nevada-Las Vegas set an NCAA mark by scoring 100 or more points a game for the 12th straight time in a 113-69 zapping of California-Santa Barbara. (The former record was set by Houston in 1968.) That streak was ended when Pepperdine came to town. The lead changed hands 24 times before Las Vegas pulled away to win 85-80. That result prolonged another streak, it was the 54th consecutive home victory for the

Rebels, one more than Cincinnati has. Oregon State held off Oregon 53-52. Unheaven San Francisco (page 26) was idle.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (19-0)

2. NEV-LAS VEGAS (16-1) 3. ARIZ. (14-2)

MIDEAST "We thought we had experienced just about everything, but now we have experienced Ernie, Bernie and Mike," moaned Alabama Coach C. M. Newton after a 102-93 loss at Tennessee. Mike Jackson earned the right to turn the Vols' Ernie and Bernie Show into a three-man act, totaling 24 points. With Ernie Grunfeld adding 22 and Bernard King 26, Tennessee walked to the top of the Southeastern Conference with a 7-0 record and knocked the Tide from the unbeaten ranks. Alabama's Reginald King led all scorers with 33 points. Tennessee tuned up for the Tide by bopping Mississippi 86-72.

Kentucky won twice 73-71 at Florida and 87-72 against LSU. It took 12 minutes to play the first seven seconds of the first game. With the score 71-71, Jay Shidler stole a Gator pass, was fouled and sank two free throws. Four seconds left. Then came a succession of madcap events, including three delays while the incorrect clock was wound down to the proper setting. The rest of the fiasco went like this: A Gator inbound pass is deflected. The new pass is stolen. Kentucky is called for traveling. Florida inbound again, only to have its lefty pass hit the rim. Two seconds left. Wildcats' pass. Inbounds pass to Rick Robey, who is fouled. Time-out. Robey misses his free throw. Bob Smyth of Florida rebounds and hurls a shot that falls short as the buzzer sounds.

Bizarre, too, was the scene when Grand Valley State played at Oakland University in a Great Lakes Conference game. Early on, it was found that the official scorekeeper had recorded the wrong uniform numbers for Grand Valley. The penalty five technical fouls. Oakland made just two of those shots and lost 82-66 to the Lakers, who are 16-1.

"We're playing what is like a pro schedule now," said Michigan Coach Johnny Orr, whose team was in the midst of a seven-game-an-14-days grind. The Wolverines won 99-75 at Iowa and then took two home games. In a showdown against Purdue for the Big Ten lead, Michigan's Rickley Green had 22 points before twisting his back on a layup. His sub, Dave Baxter, excelled during the last eight minutes, pumping in 14 points as Michigan won 82-76. With Green missing the next game against Illinois, the Wolverines got 29 points from Phil Hubbard, who had 37 in the previous two contests. All of this left Michigan 6-0 and a game up on Purdue, which beat Michigan State 76-70.

1. MICHIGAN (13-1)

2. TENNESSEE (14-2) 3. ALABAMA (14-1)

MIDWEST

It was a vital game, so Cincinnati Coach Gale Catlett showed up at Louisville dressed for the occasion: a white sports jacket splattered with multicolored patterns of jockey silks. At the outset, though, it was the Cardinals who looked as if they were off to the races, abandoning their usual deliberate pace for a fast break that gave them a 21-8 lead. The crowd of 16,616 fans erupted over a succession of nifty Louisville maneuvers in the second half: a two-handed, behind-the-head dunk by freshman Darrell Griffith, a court-length pass from Wesley Cox to Rick Wilson for an easy basket and a flying, one-handed ram-jam by Cox. With 9:57 remaining, and the Cardinals in front 59-52, Cincinnati Center Bob Miller drew his fifth foul—in all, three Bearcat starters fouled out—ensuring Louisville's 83-77 win and the Metro Conference lead. Wilson finished with 22 points, and Griffith, who sank seven of eight floor shots, with 15 as Louisville handed Cincinnati its first loss of the season.

Louisville then gave St. Louis the blues 74-55. Cincinnati, which had started the week with a 54-52 win at St. Louis, ended it with a 78-75 loss at Tulane. Jeff Cummings of the Green Wave snared a big offensive rebound in the waning moments and passed off to Arthur Bibbs, who then scored the game's final two points by sinking a pair of foul shots.

Memphis State was also shocked, 89-82, at Georgia Tech. The Yellow Jackets forced the Tigers into risky shots, broke State's press for numerous layups and got 58 points from their dazzling young Taco and the Man combination. Taco Brown, a JC transfer, popped in 31 and freshman Lenny Horton added 27.

"I guess if you're Al McGuire you're allowed to do things like that," complained Drake Coach Bob Driget after a 62-60 loss to Marquette. Butch Lee's basket with four seconds to go gave the Warriors their winning points. What irked Driget was that during a time-out with three seconds left, McGuire went on the floor and positioned his players to try to stymie Drake's last play. Driget felt a technical foul should have been called against the Marquette coach. McGuire apparently irritated his players, too, some of them showing disgust after he grabbed them by the arm, poked them in the chest and shouted at them during time-outs. A few of the Warriors turned their backs on McGuire, who then pulled them into the huddle or onto the bench. "I've lost my cohesiveness on the bench," McGuire lamented. Still, he kept winning, beating Notre Dame 78-49 and Xavier of Ohio 85-43.

After being walloped 86-58, Texas Coach Abe Lemons labeled Arkansas "probably the best Southwest Conference team in years." Ron Brewer's 23 points ignited the Razorbacks, who lead the conference with a 6-0

record. Earlier, Arkansas breezed past TCU 62-45. Houston stayed in the race by defeating Texas 95-81 and Texas A&M 78-71. Dits Birdsong poured in 71 points for the Cougars, 43 of them against the Longhorns.

"I wanted so badly to come back home and look super," said Coach Dick Vitale, a native of New Jersey, disappointed that his Detroit team had to struggle for two wins in the East, 70-68 at St. Peter's and 85-81 at St. Francis. St. Peter's gained a 68-68 tie on Bob Fazio's sleight-of-knee basket with nine seconds to go. While driving toward the basket, he had the ball slapped away by a Titan. It ricocheted off Fazio's knee, up to the backboard and through the net. That was a hard act to follow, but Dennis Boyd of Detroit gave it his best shot, a running, beat-the-buzzer 20-footer that went off the glass and through the rim for the clinching points. Back in Detroit, the Titans (15-1) bumped off Canisius 110-72.

Missouri also put on a remarkable shooting performance. During the second half of a 90-83 win at Colorado, the Tigers hit 17 of 23 field-goal tries (73.9%), and sank 30 of 33 free throws (90.9%) in the game. Most accurate of all was Clay Johnson, who was 14 of 17 from the floor and 11 of 11 from the foul line for 39 points. Overshadowed was Emmett Lewis of the Buffaloes, who got 36 points. Missouri then throttled Nebraska 76-63 to tie Kansas State for first place in the Big Eight with a 4-1 record. The Wildcats toppled Oklahoma State 72-67 and jolted Kansas 80-65.

1. LOUISVILLE (12-2)

2. ARKANSAS (14-1) 3. CINCINNATI (12-2)

EAST The way North Carolina State Guard Kenny Carr figured it, a stretch in time saved the Wolfpack. Actually, it took 12 stitches to close a gash in Carr's lower lip, a wound he suffered during a slugfest the week before against Virginia. Carr was ejected from that contest, but missed the game "was the turnaround for this team. It gave the young players confidence." Those youngsters—three freshmen and two sophomores—played the second half against the Cavaliers without Carr and went on to win 80-66. The added confidence helped against North Carolina last week as the Wolfpack rallied from nine points back during the last 12 minutes to pull off a 75-73 upset at Raleigh. Freshmen Clyde (the Glide) Austin and Charles (Hawkeye) Whitney and sophomore Tony Warren teamed up for 43 points and 20 rebounds. In the closing moments, though, it was Carr, a junior, who executed the decisive plays. With 18 seconds left, he took an alley-oop pass from Austin and turned it into a field goal and a 74-71 State lead. Carr then blocked a shot by Phil Ford—who led all scorers with 32 points—was fouled and converted one of two free throws. That was the last

of Carr's 23 points and State finished off the Tar Heels' 11-game victory streak.

State brought its Atlantic Coast record to 3-1 by holding off Duke 79-78. North Carolina improved its mark to 5-1 as Maryland botched three late chances to grab the lead and lost 71-68. The Terps also lost to Clemson 93-71, their worst setback in six years, as Wayne (Tree) Rollins of the Tigers scored 22 points and had 23 rebounds. Maryland's only bright spot was the shooting of Lawrence Bright, who set an ACC mark by sinking 17 consecutive floor shots in the two defeats.

At the start of the week, Duke won on the road for the first time in 28 tries spanning almost five years, downing Virginia 82-74 in overtime. Tate Armstrong of the Blue Devils, the ACC's top scorer with a 22.7-point average, broke a bone in his right wrist during the first three minutes, yet went on to score 33 points. Without Armstrong, Duke lost to Wake Forest 85-73. The Deacons also took a non-conference game from UNC-Charlotte 74-72. Rod Griffin grabbed 12 rebounds and had 29 points as he made 12 of 13 shots from the floor and all five of his shots from the free-throw line.

Providence downed Rhode Island 82-71 and sank 17 of its first 23 shots in an 83-68 romp over Boston U. Syracuse wiped out Pitt 96-74.

Parashooters attending 8 p.m. Mass at St. Ignace Church at the foot of the Boston College campus had trouble finding parking spaces. Eagle fans, hoping for an upset of Holy Cross, had filled the parking lot. They left disappointed. Ron Perry Jr. and Mike Vicerni each had 28 points as the Crusaders won 90-84. Georgetown, which had surpassed Holy Cross earlier 69-65, was, in turn, dumped by Seton Hall 94-82. Randy Duffin tossed in 29 points for the Pirates and Glenn Mosley 24. Mosley, the nation's No. 1 rebounder, retrieved 16 missed shots.

"They have the great, great ability to put you under after," said St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca about Princeton, which has the stingiest defense in the country. Against the Redmen, though, it was the Tigers who seemed anesthetized, scoring just 18 points in the first half and losing 75-50.

Columbia lost 91-74 to Lafayette, but held on for a 76-74 Ivy League victory over Cornell, which had trailed by 24 points with 11 minutes to go. Penn took a pair of Philadelphia Big Five skirmishes, 63-55 over St. Joseph's and 83-72 over Temple.

VMI stayed atop the Southern Conference, getting 62 points in three games from Ron Carter as the Keydets built their school-record winning streak to 13 games. VMI's (14-1) victims were The Citadel 68-62, Richmond 88-79 and East Carolina 67-58.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (13-2)

2. PROV. (14-2) 3. WAKE FOREST (14-2)

California, here we are!

Good weather, the best purses in the country and the right kind of track surface make Santa Anita a haven for "imports," among them Derby prospect J. O. Tobin

The Wednesday feature race at Santa Anita was the \$45,450 El Encino Stakes for 4-year-old fillies that had never won at a distance of a mile or beyond for a purse of \$15,000. Eleven runners stepped into the starting gate ready to go 1 1/4 miles or, as the program didactically noted, "about 1,700 meters." The past performances showed that five of them were bred in California, three in Kentucky and one in Florida; the two others were from England and Argentina.

The crowd of 20,133 made the Argentine filly, Lucie Mamet, the 6-5 favorite while allowing the English entrant, Woodsome, to drift out to 19-1. Woodsome, however, beat Lucie by nearly four lengths to become one of the early favorites for the \$100,000 La Cañada Stakes at Santa Anita on Feb. 13. The Argentines got even in the next day's feature when Star Bull beat Vagabonda, a horse that had been campaigned in Europe until last year. Things like that have been happening at Santa Anita lately.

Since opening its 40th season on Dec. 28, the track has taken on a distinctly foreign tinge. Through last Saturday, of the races carrying purses of \$20,000 or more, horses either bred or campaigned abroad had won a third. California horseplayers barely had their chairs dusted off for the start of the new season when three "foreign" horses won on opening day, and on the afternoon that Woodsome took the El Encino, two other imports were also winners.

Early nominees for the Charles H. Strub Stakes on Feb. 6, the first \$100,000 race of 1977, include a dozen foreign-bred runners. And as Santa Anita moves toward its April 10 closing, more and more outstanding foreign horses will be invading the track that bills itself as "America's Great Race Place."

What is happening at Santa Anita has been evolving for the past few years and is one of the most striking developments in thoroughbred racing in this country in decades. It is certain to change the

thinking of those fans who have felt that imported horses couldn't outrun a feed bill. Nothing used to drive a horseplayer insane faster than a set of past performances from tracks named Ayr (Scotland), Haydock Park (England), Hipico de Santiago (Chile), Monterico (Peru), Evry (France), The Curragh (Ireland) or Palermo (South America). Californians now face that problem every day.

"Of the 11 top horses on the grounds," says Santa Anita's racing vice-president, Jimmy Kilroe, "six were either bred abroad or raced there. And that's just among the mares. When you look at the fillies and mares in the highest classifications, half of the top ones have foreign backgrounds. I would say conservatively that at least one quarter of the good horses we have on the grounds have similar patterns in that they were either raced abroad after having been bred in the United States or were bred abroad and purchased to bring to this country to race. The impact will become even more evident now that our rainy season seems to have passed and we can schedule more races on the grass, which is the surface many foreign horses prefer. The whole trend should be for the overall good of U.S. racing. More stars should develop because of these horses being brought here. And we do need stars."

Kilroe is quick to notice racing's trends as well as its problems, and when he says the invaders are good, they are at least all of that, this season horses from Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Ireland, England and France have won at Santa Anita.

The kind of star Kilroe hopes for may turn out to be a 3-year-old colt from England named J. O. Tobin.

Two weeks ago, on a near-perfect California afternoon, a blue-and-white van marked CALIFORNIA TURF EXPRESS pulled up in front of Barn 5 in Santa Anita's stable area. Johnny Adams, a Hall of Fame jockey who rode for 24 years before turning his hand to training, watched the unloading process intently. "All morning

long I been as anxious as a hen sitting on her nest," he said. "I been waiting for this horse to arrive from the farm up north. This horse is something special."

As Adams spoke, a black, leggy colt walked down a ramp and began digging up pulps of sand with his hooves. This was J. O. Tobin. Tobin last year won all three of his starts in England and is considered one of the best young runners in the world. But instead of going for the Epsom Derby in England he will now be prepared at Santa Anita for the Kentucky Derby.

Tobin was bred in Kentucky and sent abroad for his 2-year-old campaign, which consisted of those three wins in England and a loss in France. His return to this country could not have come at a better time for California racing because California, which did not send a representative to the 1976 Kentucky Derby, may not have too many good Derby-age horses this year either, and an import is better than nothing.

J. O. Tobin, a son of Never Bend, is owned by George Pope of San Francisco, who also owned the 1962 Derby winner, Decidedly. Last week Tobin, named for a 99-year-old friend of Pope's, was starting to gallop over the Santa Anita track in the mornings, getting himself ready to race, though his first start is at least a month away.

Santa Anita's racing secretary, Lou Eilkin, can hardly wait. The other day he was reading *Timeform*, a British publication that rates the performances of British racers. When he got to J. O. Tobin he read aloud: "... proved himself the best English-trained 2-year-old; most impressive in Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, leading one furlong out and then lengthening his stride in tremendous fashion, with his jockey sitting motionless to draw four lengths clear." A smile came over Eilkin's face. "That's strong stuff for the British," he said. "If he's that good we should be in for a lot of fun."

In a nearby barn, Trainer Tom Pratt ran his index finger over a blackboard nailed up next to his office. After counting his stock he said, "Of the 38 horses I have, 21 were either bred abroad or raced there. Yet this one here, Miss Toshiba, probably started the whole thing. When she was going good, people abroad took notice of her." Last summer Miss Toshiba had four wins in a row at Hollywood Park, including the \$112,200 Vanity Handicap and the \$54,800 Wikhire

continued

How did an American Ford Granada compare in tests of smoothness and quietness of ride with a \$20,000 German Mercedes?

Read how German engineers rated both cars after 7 days of testing.

For 1977, a new Ford Granada was brought to Germany for a scientific ride comparison with a Mercedes-Benz 450SE (U.S. sticker price: \$20,689*). The Granada was a standard production car equipped with optional 250CID engine (\$96.) and automatic transmission (\$186.). Testing was conducted by an independent German engineering firm.

*Excluding taxes, title, destination charges.



Aerial view of test site in Bavaria, Germany.

Test 1: Smoothness test.

To test for "riding smoothness" the German engineers drove the Granada and the Mercedes at various speeds over a variety of roads in northern Germany, ranging from cobblestone to smooth highway. Using a sensitive electronic re-

corde, they measured vibration levels.

Test results: Analysis of the engineers' data showed that in three out of the four test conditions there were "no major differences" in smoothness between the Granada and the Mercedes.



Test 2: Quietness test.

In the next series of tests the cars were evaluated for "quietness" of ride. Again, they were compared over a variety of German road surfaces at speeds from 30-55 mph. A sound meter recorded their interior decibel levels on the dBA scale.

Test results: Analysis of the data showed that in all tests the Ford Granada consistently rode as quietly as the Mercedes-Benz.



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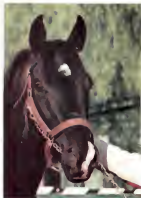
against a \$20,000 Mercedes-Benz in Germany. Take a Granada test drive of your own and see for yourself.

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*1977 Ford Granada. Sticker price: \$4,088, excluding taxes, title, destination charges. W/SW tires, \$39. (Photographed in Garmisch, Germany)



Derby colt J. G. Tobin (above) came back from England. King Pellinore made the trip last year.



Handicap. She had been sent to the U.S. from England by Robert Sangster, an owner who has a nice little operation going for him over there: he runs one of the largest of his country's soccer betting pools.

While Miss Toshiko certainly helped Pratt get more invaders into his sheds, it also seemed that last year imports were popping up all over California—and winning, a trend that has continued strongly into this year. On the second weekend of this Santa Anita meeting, an Argentine mare named Merry Lady III rolled over a muddy track to take the \$58,700 San Geronimo Handicap by an impressive 2½ lengths. Merry Lady had been good in Argentina, with five wins in eight races, but her San Geronimo check of \$36,200 more than tripled what she had earned down below. Merry Lady was brought to this country by Trainer Henry Moreno, who last year had great success with another Argentine named Bastonera II. That one ran second to Proud Delta in the Eclipse Award voting for the top older female in competition in 1976. Before that, Moreno had imported Tizma from Chile, and Tizma won seven stakes races at Santa Anita alone. "There are still good horses to be bought in Argentina," Moreno says, "and with the kind of luck I've had, I'm going to keep on buying them and bringing them here."

The biggest foreign star to emerge last year was King Pellinore, now a 5-year-old. Bred in Kentucky and good enough to win four of seven races in England as a 2- and 3-year-old, King Pellinore was bought by the Cardiff Stock Farm for a reported \$1 million, won \$463,390 last

season in California and was voted the second-best male horse to Forego. "King Pellinore certainly didn't hurt the trend any," says Trainer Charlie Whittingham. Nor did the success of Caucasus, the winner of \$200,255, or Rlor In Paris, which won \$299,250.

Santa Anita has long had a moderate foreign accent. In 1935 the track established the sport's first \$100,000 stakes race, the Santa Anita Handicap, and superior horses were shipped in from all over the U.S. for it. Top Row and Equipose were there. So were Twenty Grand, Faireno, Mate and 15 others. But the winner was Azucar, an ex-steeplechaser bred in England, which paid off at 12-1. In 1939 everyone thought the state's favorite horse, Seabiscuit, would finally win "The Big Cap" after twice failing, but he turned up lame and had to be scratched. His stablemate, Kayak II from Argentina, won in his stead for owner Charles S. Howard. (The next year, when Seabiscuit did get his 'Cap, he had to beat Kayak II.)

Racing's most celebrated series of races between two outstanding horses, Citation and Noor, started at Santa Anita with Noor beating Citation twice. Noor was from Ireland. Cougar II, one of California's biggest stars, was from Chile. Even Johnny Longden, the gnarled rider who went merrily on until the age of 59, was bred in England, and last year when Bill Shoemaker rode his 7,000th winner it was on an English-bred horse named Royal Derby II.

Last week King Pellinore was out on the track for a workout at 6:45 one morning under Whittingham's supervision.



Merry Lady III (left) has won more at Santa Anita this year than she ever did in Argentina. English-bred Red Ragout is one of Tom Pratt's hopefuls.

Whittingham has trained the winners of some 40 races worth \$100,000 or more, several of them imports. "One of the main reasons foreign horses are brought to California to race," Whittingham said, "is because of the number of good races on grass that carry both prestige and money value. The old saying is that it is harder to go from grass to dirt than from dirt to grass, but it can be done with patience. You have to be willing to spend the time and not go crazy. Horses from Europe take some time getting themselves adjusted to running on dirt. King Pellinore proved that, and so did Riot in Paris."

Last year Riot in Paris, bred in Kentucky, stepped off the grass and onto the dirt and started earning large checks. Word of his success spread, and many Americans who race horses in foreign countries began thinking about returning to the U.S. "The reasons we have so many foreign horses here now are many," says Kilroe. "Our weather is exactly like the weather in Chile so we get horses here from that country. As far as England is concerned we have good grass racing for higher purse values and that works in our favor. Also, at this time of the year there isn't much major racing in England."

"Underneath all this, of course, is one plain fact of economics. The price of buying a horse at a yearling sale these days keeps going up and up. It is almost impossible to buy a proven horse in this country. If an owner sees a horse abroad that he likes—one that has ability—he can pay \$200,000 or so for it, bring it to this country and win himself out if his judgment proves to be correct. There is also something else that is working in our favor. The French Jockey Club has made it known that it doesn't want horses not bred in France to run in their major races. That's going to help us as time goes on."

California racing got news last weekend that still more foreign horses will be coming. Miss Toshiba's owner, Robert Sangster, announced that he had made a deal with Vincent O'Brien, the Irish trainer who has conditioned more European classic winners than any man in history, and international breeder Jack Mulcahy. The three of them plan to race horses in England and Ireland as 2- and 3-year-olds, then pick those they think would adapt best and send them to California, where the weather is perfect, the tracks excellent and the purses exceedingly high.

END



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Philly is Dwight's delight

It seems that every time Dwight Stones travels to the Bicentennial City he manages to leap into instant history

It remained for Dwight Stones, the outdoor and indoor world-record holder in both the high jump and use of the first person singular, to supply last Friday's Philadelphia Track Classic with a measure of excitement. Almost an hour after the other events had concluded without a U.S. record, let alone a world record, there stood Stones all by himself on the floor of the Spectrum, riveting the remnants of the crowd of 10,123 to their seats. Earlier in the evening he had dispatched the rest of the competition with a leap of 7' 4 1/4", a meet record. Then he had bettered that with the highest indoor jump of the current season, 7' 5 1/4". And now he had asked for the bar to be set at 7' 7" in an attempt to break his own world indoor record of 7' 6 1/2".

Votes for Outstanding Performer of the meet had already been tabulated and Stones was the runaway winner. "Performer" is a particularly apt word. Stones is a showman, and he was strutting and fretting in splendid isolation on his stage. "I'm good copy," Stones said, as if stating a well-known fact. A moment before attempting the world-record height he turned to speak to fellow jumper Bill Jankunis. Jankunis eagerly leaned forward, expecting some pearl of wisdom from his specialty's top artist. "Do you know the guy from the L.A. Times?" Stones asked. "That's him over there."

Stones was orchestrating the action now. In fact, his jump of 7' 5 1/4" wasn't exactly that height but 227 centimeters, fractionally higher. Dwight had asked that the bar be put at the metric height because it was one centimeter more than the highest indoor jump of the season, 226 centimeters by Alexander Grigoryev of the Soviet Union. That was news even to track nuts, but it was instantly accepted as gospel because Stones, the nuttist

track nut of all, said it was so. Unfortunately, meet officials said they couldn't comply with Stones' wish because they didn't have a metric tape. No problem, said Stones, delving into his equipment bag, he would lend them his.

Thus did Dwight Stones bring excitement to Philadelphia, a city that is rapidly becoming his favorite. He had pointed out earlier that last summer he set two outdoor world records in the City of Brotherly Love. He jumped 7' 7" at the NCAA meet in June and then broke the record with a leap of 7' 7 1/4" in the Bicentennial Meet one week after his disappointing bronze-medal performance in the rain at Montreal.

"Do you realize," he stated in another curious aside for a man about to attempt a world record, "if I clear this, all the 7' 7" jumps in history will have been made in Philadelphia?" Alas, it was not to be. Stones failed to clear the bar in three tries, but still got appreciative applause for the single superior performance of a not-so-classic Classic.

Before Stones' heroics, the best bet for a world record had seemed to lie in the 1,000-meter duel between America's two top women milers, Francie Larrieu Lutz and Jan Merrill. "I think a world record could be set tonight," said Lutz before the meet, "because the old record [2:40.21] is slow. I know because I hold it." Lutz also holds the indoor mark in the 1,500, the mile, the 3,000 and the two-mile. From 1969 until last year, in fact, she pretty much had these distances all to herself in this country. Then along came Merrill. The first time they ran head to head was in Madison Square Garden in the 1976 Millrose Games. "Julie Brown and I were duking it out," remembers Francie. "Then, with about 2 1/2 laps to go, Jan ran right by both of us. At the time I just said 'What the heck,' and let her go. But the next night I hated myself for it. I've been around so long that when I lose people say, 'Well, Francie's over the hill,' even though I'm just 24."

Lutz began to point for her races against Merrill. They met indoors twice



Stones provided a meet record and a tape.

more last season and Francie won both times by pacing herself and kicking on the last lap. "Jan is the only person I run tactical against," Lutz says. "I'll do anything to beat her. Against others I only do what I have to do to run a fast race."

Outdoors Merrill has fared better. While Cindy Poir surprised both of them in the Olympic Trials, Merrill finished second, well ahead of Lutz, who was third, and went on to perform far better than Francie in the Games. Lutz was eliminated in the semifinals, in which Jan set an American record of 4:02.6 and made it to the finals.

Montreal only deepened the rift between them. Lutz is an outgoing, bubbly type. Merrill is withdrawn and greatly protected by her coach, Norm Higgins. Merrill and Lutz lived together in the Olympic Village with Poir, but as Lutz says, "Jan wouldn't acknowledge our presence."

On the track circuit Merrill is considered a recluse. Higgins accompanies her

on all trips, screening her from distractions such as interviews. She remains distant from her fellow athletes, who wonder aloud if she enjoys herself. "It's their weakness when others say she doesn't have fun," says Higgins. "It's the same with Nadia Comaneci. She said in an interview if the others didn't concentrate so much on smiling maybe they could concentrate more on their performances."

Merrill and Lutz were side by side in lanes one and two in Philadelphia, their first encounter since Montreal. Lutz studiously kept her back to her competitor. "Generally, at the starting line I wish my competitors well," she said later, "but I would never even think of doing that with Jan again. She doesn't speak to me anymore so why should I bang my head against the wall?"

When the race started, Merrill lagged in the rear as Lutz frantically looked around for her. On the third of the 6½ laps, Lutz slowed, and Merrill took the lead. "I like to know where she is at all times," said Lutz afterward, "and the best way to know is to keep her in front of me." But to keep Merrill in her sights, Lutz sacrificed any chance for a record. Just before the gun lap Francis passed Jan easily and won by 20 yards in 2:48, eight seconds off the world mark. "Jan just seemed like she wasn't ever going to go," said Lutz. Higgins agreed, saying, "Jan is like an operatic singer whose arias don't come out in some theaters as well as in others." Shortly afterward, the public address announcer called vainly for Merrill to come forward for her second-place prize. She and Higgins had already departed for their Connecticut homes.

Much of the rest of the meet was, in a sense, a nostalgic look at a fading era of American track. The performers who drew the most attention were three old-timers—Marty Liquori, Frank Shorter and Willie Davenport. Davenport, who has raced in the last four Olympics, came out of retirement only because he wants to crown his career by winning the high hurdles in the World Cup, the first world championship in track and field, this September in Düsseldorf. With Olympic champion Guy Druot having retired, Davenport may well get his wish. He looked more like 23 than 33 in winning the 60-yard hurdles in 7.17.

Before his silver-medal run in the marathon in Montreal, Frank Shorter had said that he expected to retire after the Olympics. But he had finished fourth in

the two-mile at Los Angeles a week before and was in good enough shape at Philadelphia to nip Steve Foster in the same event with a time of 8:40.2. Shorter wasn't apologetic about his change of heart and even admitted that he is now giving thought to the 1980 Olympics. "For a number of years I've tried to explain to myself why I run," he said before the Philadelphia meet, "and then I just gave up. Running is just part of what I am and what I do. I actually like the physical activity of running. Continuing in competition is my justification for doing what I really like to do."

Shorter has temporarily shelved his legal career for a venture more in keeping with his passion. He is now the proprietor of Frank Shorter Sports, a store in Boulder, Colo. catering to joggers. He has also started to regrow the moustache he wore when he won the marathon in the 1972 Olympics. "When I was younger, I grew it to look older," Shorter said. "When I got older, I cut it off to look better. Now I just don't give a damn."

For his part, Liquori was admitting that he wasn't sure whether he gave a damn about running. "The big problem for me," he said, "is no longer deciding what distance to run but whether to run at all. I feel a lot like Dave Cowens did. I'd really like to take a break. There are a lot of things I've been putting off for 10 years that I'd really like to do, like auto rallying or driving a motorcycle through the woods or even just taking a vacation, which I've never really done." Liquori planned to run this indoor season because he wanted to break Tony Waldrop's indoor mile record of 3:55, "but it's no big secret that my training hasn't been what it has been in the past," and last month he was further hampered by a flare-up of the hamstring injury that kept him out of the Montreal Olympics. Still, Liquori had a little strategy planned for the mile run in Philadelphia. "We've got a green rabbit," said one of his friends. "Frank Murphy of Ireland was looking for a race, so we got him into this one on the stipulation that he run the first half mile in 2:00."

Unfortunately, the pace at the half-mile mark was 2:05, and Murphy was pulling along in third place with Liquori right behind him. "Our rabbit turned into a turkey," said Liquori's friend. "Murphy didn't do his job," said Liquori. "Knowing that my hamstring might give me trouble, the last thing I wanted was



Confident in her kick, Lutz let Merrill lead.

for the race to come down to a kick." It did, and Eamonn Coghlan, a countryman of Murphy's, outkicked Liquori on the gun lap to win by less than a second in 4:03.4. "I didn't go out earlier to make it a faster, evenly paced race because I didn't want to make a fool of myself by going into the lead and then tying up," said Liquori. "I was afraid to do it. I didn't have any confidence. But I'm very satisfied. The hamstring held up. Next week at the Millrose Games the injury won't even be in the back of my mind."

The Millrose Games were already in the back of Stokes' mind, too. Undaunted by his failure to set a world record in his beloved Philadelphia, he noted, "I trained very hard this week. Things happen 10 days after you train hard—at least they do for me. That should put me right on schedule for a world record at the Millrose Games. Next week I'll do 231 centimeters."

That's a world record. Take Dwight's word for it.

Words spoke louder than action

The delegates at the NCAA convention swept the important issue under the rug

One view of the 71st annual convention of the NCAA, which quietly ran its course at Miami Beach earlier this month, was that the absence of any substantive legislation indicated how "settled" and "mature" the NCAA has become. How comfortably *quo its status*. An alternative view was that the delegates didn't know their agenda from their beach chairs and consistently voted "no" out of wariness, the no's just happening to look better than usual. This interpretation of the inactivity more or less coincided with that of a number of revisionist Big Football delegates who want to subdivide the NCAA's Division I into two parts, to make life simpler all around. The Big Football people see what did not happen (again) as a time bomb activated. Tick, tick, tick.

A small bonus was the comforting dearth of crackpot proposals that usually mark the convention, and if that means maturity, then mature the delegates were. The fact that they failed (again) to come to grips with the basic issue, that they were, instead, so intimidated by it that they swept it under the rug before anyone could get a good look, and were still unable to properly define their mission is less reassuring.

The problem (not new) is simply this: Division I has 247 members, of widely divergent means and goals. The 247 delegates come to the meeting every year,

set up caucus centers (with wet bars) in their \$150-a-day suites, make reservations for dinner and then advance onto the convention floor armed to the teeth with ways to "cut costs." That reads "cut football," because football costs more and gets more attention. Chairs scrape and the coughing is epidemic when they talk about anything else.

Football, however, is the only means most schools have to make money from and for athletics. And in recent years "making money" has become more important than fielding good representative teams, teams that lift a school's spirit and inspire its alumni—but such is life in the inflationary spiral. Big Football schools would like to cut costs, too, but they would rather beat Notre Dame. You don't scare Notre Dame by taking laundry money from your athletes.

Thus, the bottle lines are rapidly drawn whenever Division I schools meet. Some Division I schools are named Creighton and St. Joseph's, and they don't want to beat Notre Dame. They can't—110 of them don't even have football teams. They don't have \$2 million budgets, either. They cannot relate.

But because they have the franchise, they can lock the 70-odd Big Football schools (from the seven major conferences and the 20 or so major independents) into a kind of *de facto* servitude by waving their colored voting paddles whenever Big Football needs to be taught a lesson. That, obviously, is heady stuff, being able to tell Bear Bryant what to do with his (Alabama's) money.

This year the reorganization plan was Proposal No. 28 on the NCAA agenda, on a bright Tuesday morning at the Fontainebleau Hotel. The plan was formulated by a prestigious steering committee headed by J. Neils Thompson of the University of Texas. NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers was a principal architect. A sound one, the plan called for reorganization based primarily on a school's ability to compete in Division I in at least eight sports, football and basketball included.

Some schools which play Division I basketball but not football objected, contending they would be Roman-numeraled out of business if forced into Division II just because they couldn't afford

football. An amendment was formulated to allow such a school to retain Division I status in the one sport.

The plan took Byers and Thompson's group a year to construct, and was blown from the convention floor in 10 minutes. Peter A. Carlesimo, athletic director at Fordham, a member of the Eastern College Athletic Conference (no Notre Dame beaters there), moved immediately to table the proposal. A motion for a roll-call vote was turned back by a show of paddles. A second motion tabled the proposal right off the 1977 agenda. So long until 1978.

It could be that the advocates of reconstruction were still finding their seats when all this took place, or out getting haircuts. Certainly there was a marked lack of discussion before Carlesimo lowered the boom. No one even mentioned the amendment.

At that point in time the NCAA should have been holding its collective breath, because if ever the organization was on the verge of toppling, this was it. Already 56 members of the Big Football lobby had been rattling their sabers for a showdown. They had met in Dallas in December to form the College Football Association for the expressed purpose of wresting control of their fate, "hoping" to do so within the NCAA framework but not ruling out the necessity of an alternative.

The fact that they represented every major conference except the Big Ten and Pacific Eight gave them weight. No national television network is going to make multimillion-dollar commitments to college football without them. The two major items on the NCAA agenda gave them immediacy. As one of their number put it, they were "prepared to seriously re-evaluate their association with NCAA" if 1) realignment was not forthcoming and 2) the NCAA added to their burden by resurrecting the "need" scholarship program.

Under "need," scholarships, other than tuition and mandatory fees, are granted only to those athletes who cannot afford to pay. As a cost-cutting mechanism, it has merit—and a history of disaster in big-time athletics. Schools have found the concept so full of hazards that it is beyond formulae. The demanding

criteria make it an impossible program to police. Questions are invariably left unanswered—such as what to do with the super athlete whose parents are “fit” to pay but won’t, or with parents who lie or simply refuse to open their finances to scrutiny.

Nonetheless, “need” was again up for vote that Tuesday afternoon at the Fontainebleau. No one knows how close the Big Football bloc was to splitting beforehand; many of its members—coaches and athletic directors—were having their own meetings up the road at the Diplomat, where the American Football Coaches Association was holding its convention. Bear Bryant said he didn’t think they “had the guts” to do it, but Bear may have underestimated his colleagues. In private they were saying how desperate the circumstances were.

The midday pause was tense, to say the least. Mercifully, the pivotal “need” vote was defeated, 146 to 102. But it was hardly an overwhelming mandate—a 23-vote swing would save it next time. It will surely come up again.

But at least the tension at Miami Beach was relieved considerably with the defeat, however temporary, of “need.” Throughout the convention the mood against making waves went unaltered. The football scholarship restrictions were upheld: 30 a year, 95 total (though no one has yet demonstrated a way to make four times 30 equal 95 without running off some athletes, a tactic previously deplored by the membership). Eight-man coaching staff limits were upheld, as were three visits per recruit. And so forth.

By adjournment, the advocates of schism were stopping a breath short of predicting secession within the year. They received on the last day a surprise encouragement: J. Neils Thompson was voted NCAA president for 1977-78, and though he remains only one voice, he now becomes a difficult one to ignore. For some, that is worth waiting for.

Will Big Football wait beyond that? Not likely. The time bomb is ticking away. Michigan and Manhattan, Providence and Penn State have always made strange bedfellows. They are now so philosophically polarized that they are doing damage to each other by prolonging the marriage.

END

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Hugh and Jay Culverhouse have the good life—and a bad team: Tampa Bay's Buccaneers.

WHO ARE THESE



Bouncy Ruggers owner Carl Schuer, with daughter Lauren, has found true love in Denver.



Though a "players' owner," Phil Rizzuto is going belly over personal problems.

GUYS?

Are they civic benefactors? Or crazy? Or merely rich men with an expensive hobby? Whatever they are, pro sports owners all think they've got troubles **by RAY KENNEDY**



The Rizzutos. Carroll and George Rizzuto go into splendid exile during his NFL seasons.

CONTINUED

WHO ARE THEY?

continued

He is not just rich. He is absolutely wallowing in the kind of lucre that allows a grown man to act out his boyhood fantasies, to play big-league games with real live athletes of his very own. And play he does, dabbling and meddling and dickering for bodies with all the sensitivity of an Arab slave trader. Deaf to detractors, suspicious of his peers and steadfastly opposed to change, he operates behind closed doors, a remote, secretive figure covetously guarding his millions.

But pop a flashbulb or turn the TV cameras on a victory celebration, and there he is, brushing aside his sweaty hurlings to pose as the humble man of vision who made it all happen. In defeat he rages—right there in the headlines for all to see—about the gutless sluggards who are ruining his fun. And whenever he intrudes on the scene, onlookers feel compelled to ask, Who is this joker?

He is the typical owner of a professional sports team. Typical, at least, in the eyes of the fan. If the image is distorted, it is understandable. For most fans the owner is faceless yet notorious, a necessary evil wrapped inside a tax shelter. What few deeds he is held accountable for are not good. The owner? Oh, sure, he's the idiot who makes bad trades and keeps jacking up the ticket prices. Truth be told, nobody likes a rich guy.

"Being an owner," says one who has had his share of bad notices, "is like being a giraffe. You're always sticking your neck out whether you want to or not."

So ponder the lot of the owner. Pro sports are in a state of transition. Soaring salaries, free-agent gypsies, fan resentment, government intervention, bidding wars, bankrupt franchises, suits and countersuits. All are tremors foretelling a seismic shakeup. And for better or worse, it is the men in the big walnut-paneled offices who will play a major role in shaping the future of professional sports. In a word, says Sam Schulman, owner of the Seattle SuperSonics of the National Basketball Association, the prospects are "hairly."

So ponder. Although biased observers like Ed Garvey, director of the NFL Players Association, tend to describe owners in two damning little words—"inherited money"—they are not so easily categorized. The species includes good guys, bad guys, sportsmen, con men, humanitarians, boosters, ego freaks. In short, your average slice of corporate life.

What makes the focus even fuzzier is the fact that not only are there more owners around, but they are also moving around more. While the number of pro teams has more than doubled in the past decade, the ranks of owners have increased 10-, 20-, 30-fold. No one knows for sure, because owners come and go like gawkers at a peep show, paying their money, getting their thrills, then splitting. For a while, with all the World Football League, American Basketball Association and World Hockey Association franchises fluttering around, you weren't worthy of your Guccis and suede leisure suit in certain circles if you didn't have a hunk of the Sharks or the Infernos or the Kumquats. "Deedee, come meet No-Neck Bronkowski, he plays for my team."

Even the relatively stable NBA has felt the impact of the hot-and-run owner. Between 1963 and 1975, while the league added nine new teams, it had a turnover of 44 owners and principals. Larry Fleisher, head of the NBA Players Association, has plotted the pattern: "They buy in and take a very active role for two years or so, until the novelty wears off. Then they begin to disappear and are gone completely after four years, maximum five"—or just about the time their tax writeoff benefits expire.

The Tax Reform Act of 1976, which curtails the owners' privilege of depreciating the value of their players, should discourage that trend, but the army of owners keeps growing in the form of syndicates, shareholders and conglomerates. Anyone trying to fathom the inner workings of the New York Knicks would soon find himself lost in the corporate wilderness of Gulf & Western Industries, of which the Knicks are a subsidiary. Fans in Milwaukee can ac-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BEISCH

Restaurateur Ballstone believes he can catch fans with Jazzy ketchup. Griffith of the Twos thinks there is something fishy about the players' new



tively effect change, because 2,800 of their number are shareholders in the Bucks, who are one of nine publicly held major pro teams in the U.S.

Cincinnati is solid syndicate, the Reds, Bengals and Scingers are all owned by local investment groups whose involvement, except in the case of the Stingers, is pretty much limited to hiring a general manager, staking out their private boxes and bringing their kids into the locker room to mingle with the stars. That practice proved a problem in Indianapolis during the Pacers' early ABA years. Seems that the team's controlling group numbered 100. Multiply that by 2.5 kids per owner, and you had a locker room that looked like giveaway day at the candy store. Now the Pacers are owned by Arena Sports, Inc., a tidy little club of eight, whose board chairman, Bill Eason, says, "The people in Indiana seem to work better in groups."

What the owners are working at is another question. Only a very few can be reached at their teams' offices. The rest are toiling elsewhere, across town, downstate or halfway across the country, where they keep their real offices and attend to their real businesses. The absentee landlord is a growing trend in pro sports. Even so, imagine San Francisco Robert Lurie's surprise last winter when, desperately needing an additional \$4 million to buy the baseball Giants and prevent them from moving to Toronto, a perfect stranger stepped off a plane as the deadline neared and asked up the saving sum.

Shucks, said Bud Herseth, the Phoenix meat packer who became Lurie's impromptu partner, there's nothing unusual about doing business with a man you never met. "The lawyer I brought with me has been with me 10 years, but I met him in person for the first time this morning at the airport," Herseth said shortly after closing the Giants' deal.

Last summer's image of A's owner Charles O. Finley peddling bodies in Oakland to merchants in Boston and New York from his home office in Chicago is no longer startling. But it is still a little disconcerting to fans who have an old-

fashioned notion that the chief should be with his boys. Disaffection, they say, is only one of the evils that can develop when the boss is not around. Some fans in New Orleans feel one reason for the Saints' history of instability in the National Football League is that owner John Mecom Jr. is otherwise engaged. Mecom, who manages to keep an eye on Coach Hank Stram's expense account from atop his oil well in Houston, does not help matters when he says things like, "I'll tell you, this football team will not be allowed to interfere with the gas and oil business."

"It's no longer possible for someone to buy a team, delegate everything to other people and treat it like a hobby," says Brad Corbett, owner of baseball's Texas Rangers. "Handled this way it can be an expensive hobby, and it's ultimately counterproductive, because the players feel the remoteness of an owner they never see and they react against it." That is why Corbett, who runs a plastic-pipe empire in Dallas, listens to his players' complaints, a practice that caused him to fire Manager Billy Martin in 1975. On his way to the showers, Martin fumed, "Corbett knows as much about baseball as I do about plastic pipe."

An owner's vocation often has a material bearing on his success as a sports mogul. Techniques that are surefire in one line can fizzle in the other. Critics of Paul Snyder, co-owner of the NBA's Buffalo Braves, claim that the hard-sell approach he uses in the highly competitive frozen-food business fails to warm hearts on the basketball court. "Maybe my personality isn't good for sports," says Snyder, who for a while this year refused to talk to the press. No wonder Snyder, who also happens to be the largest stockholder in Nabisco, has been called the Cookie Monster.

On the other hand, if one happens to be a superpromoter like Ray Kroc, the man who gave the world Ronald McDonald, then baseball is just another Big Mac to go. When Kroc took over the San Diego Padres in 1974, his come-ons helped increase attendance by 460,000, even though the team had the same record, 60-102, as it had the

continued

freedom, and Smith is in the hot seat, where he almost always seems to be, combing a list of prospects for yet another coach for his founding Falcons



WHO ARE THEY?

continued

season before. Kroc's variations are endless. "Like this year, we went to a \$1 bucket of popcorn," he says. "It was my idea I'm happy to say, and it's been a big seller. It's great to see four or five hands in a bucket of buttered popcorn."

THE MAGIC CHIEF

To understand the New Orleans Jazz, it helps to grasp the true essence of ketchup. "See this," says Sam Battistone Jr., holding up a bottle of Heinz. "We could use another brand, but Heinz says quality. And that's the secret: Quality at reasonable prices."

And who would dispute him? At the time Battistone was polishing off a burger and a side of fries in one of a chain of 750 Sambo's restaurants he operates in 40 states. As for the Jazz, which Battistone's Invest West Sports bought as a new NBA franchise in 1974, their quality is best summed up by the Heinz TV jingle: "Anticipation is making me wait."

But talk about reasonable prices. General admission to Jazz games is \$1.50, a steal—basketball at burger prices—made possible by the vastness of the 60,000-seat Superdome. Small wonder then that the Jazz has been drawing like every day is Mardi Gras. In October, with a good quarter of the crowd whooping it up in the cheap seats, New Orleans set a new NBA single-game attendance record of 27,383 in a town that five years ago chased an old ABA derelict called the Buccaneers off to Memphis.

"You have to keep your product in reach of your customers, moneywise," says Battistone. "We have a lot of fans who become \$6 and \$7.50 customers after being exposed to the NBA. We're going to keep that \$1.50 ticket."

Battistone sees only eight to 10 home games a season, his headquarters in Santa Barbara being some 1,800 miles removed from the Superdome and the wonderful, whirling world of Pete Maravich. But no matter, he claims, because there are always the telephone and the sports pages. "I keep in touch," he says.

At 37, tall, trim and altogether California smashing in his vest and French cuffs, Battistone still plays an aggressive forward for two Santa Barbara basketball teams, one of them sponsored by the Mormon church, of which he is a member. It was his passion for sports, he says, that led him to found Invest West Sports, a group of young jock-businessmen like himself who have invested in such enterprises as team tennis, pro track, sports camps, an ice-skating rink and a tennis club. "Besides the profit motive, it's an opportunity to make new business contacts and have some excitement at the same time," Battistone says.

Frustration and a financial bath is what he ended up with when IWS got burned with the Southern California Sun. "The WFL was an interesting experience," he says. "I came out poorer but wiser."

But not overly so: Battistone, who whipped up his first bacon burger at 11 and was raised on the concept of teamwork for shared profit (Sambo's owns 50% of each of its franchises), finds NBA owners' meetings a bit bewildering. He says, "In a business sense the NBA is unusual in that I'm dependent on the success of my competitors. It requires a joint effort to make the league prosper, but I find that peo-

ple in sports are motivated differently than those in business. The ego and show business influence is there. By nature the owners are very independent, very competitive, very used to having their own way. To my mind, their decisions are not always practical."

While trying to divine the collective psyche of the NBA, Battistone dreams more pleasant thoughts. "I'm just waiting for the day the Jazz gets into the playoffs," he says, "because there're going to be 60,000 hysterical fans jammed into that Superdome. I just want to see us win one in overtime. Mayhem!"

PASS THE KETCHUP

Though the invasion of the jet-age owner has profoundly changed the character of professional sports management, vestiges of the old one-man's-family approach exemplified by the benevolent reign of the late Tom Yawkey and his magic Boston Red Sox checkbook still are tenaciously entrenched. Indeed, so many of the owners have sons, wives, nephews and distant cousins on the payroll that it all but insures that there will always be a Wrigley, a Rooney and a Jack Kent Cooke VIII checking gate receipts somewhere.

The former intimacy of the player-owner relationship, however, seems to be forever changed. No longer do the Chicago Cubs hit up the old man, P. K. Wrigley, for a loan or an advance. Wrigley, now 82, does not go to the ball park anymore, and even if he did, the players would find that everyone's favorite quirky uncle has changed. Living in semi-seclusion at his Lake Geneva, Wis. retreat, Wrigley sums up his more than four decades in the game thusly: "We've been too lenient, too lenient."

THE BATBOY

Calvin Griffith was the batboy for the Washington Senators when they won the 1924 World Series. Now he owns the Minnesota Twins. Throughout his career—beginning when he inherited the Senators from his adopted father Clark Griffith in 1955 and continuing through the time five years later when he moved the team to Minneapolis until today—Griffith has been that rarest of sports phenomena, an owner who makes his living solely from the game. "All these owners today are millionaires," he says. "All, that is, except for old Calvin. They're doing it as a civic duty. I'm trying to stay alive."

Flanked by an American flag and photographs of Washington luminaries ("I've shaken the hand of every President since Coolidge," he says, "and Carter's next"), he sat at his desk recently and ruminated about the state of the game.

"Baseball has got to go backward, back to the good old days. You know, I used to be very proud of the boys we put on our ball club. Of the 25, we'd have as many as 22 who came through our farm system, and that's one of the real thrills in baseball. But now you get people like Bill Campbell going to Boston. If the owners are stupid enough to pay these free-agent guys \$1 million, what can you do? Campbell should get down on his knees and thank God that we didn't give him his release when he pulled a muscle and hardly pitched for a year."

"What people don't realize is that it takes 25 guys to make someone like Campbell a star. And when he gets all the big money, it's bad for the ball club. One of the players said to me, 'Hell, we made 25 double plays for that guy. Where's our cut?' What happens, of course, is that the fans end up paying the freight, and if we demoralize them, we're in trouble. Just today I had a call from a woman, 'Who does Campbell think he is?' she said. 'I remember when he wouldn't cover first base.'"

"It's the principle of the thing. We put all this money into the farm system developing players, then they go to somebody else. You have to wonder if they have the good of the game at heart. Players think owners are so rich. Let them subpoena the books and see for themselves. They're going to bleed teams to death."

"And now they've all got agents. I would rather deal with the ballplayer. They say ballplayers aren't smart enough. But I'll tell you something. When you talk money, everybody's smart. Even the Cubans, who are always saying no comprende when you talk to them about something else. But you talk doe-may-me, they understand."

"I know it's a new ball game. But I think we should go back. Baseball used to be like a big family. I remember traveling with the Senators by train. We'd go into the dining car, take the tablecloths off and play hearts for 5¢ a card. I remember Walter Johnson and Al Schacht would play casino. And they would talk baseball. Now the players are all plugged in to these recorders with earphones, and they can't wait to get to the next town."

"Ah, I really do miss those old days."

Almost to a man, owners claim that they would do better by putting their money in a savings account than by investing it in a pro franchise. "You must be a fan or be nuts to get into this business," says Gene Klein, president of the National Football League's San Diego Chargers. "It's not really a good investment, never has been and probably never will be. It has almost the worst dollar return potential in the world for the amount of dollar outlay." The Dallas Cowboys' Clint Murchison says, "Green Bay makes public its figures, and it showed about \$500,000 profit in 1975. On a franchise valued at \$15 million, that's about a 3.3% return. Some government bonds pay out at 7.81%, so that's about half what you could make if you put your money there and never worried about anything."

Who's worrying? Certainly not the fans. Despite the owners' poor-mouthing, the spectators can be forgiven if they find it hard to sympathize with the poor little millionaires. Indeed, the single biggest problem faced by the owners is credibility. The laments of Klein and Murchison, for example, are blunted by the fact that they are speaking of football, which is generally the most prosperous of the pro sports.

The NBA claims that only about one third of its teams made a profit last year. Baseball is better off, but the weeping grows louder. "The people don't know what's going on," says Bud Selig, president of the Milwaukee Brewers. "We're fighting for our lives in Milwaukee and in a lot of other cities as well. Nobody did this to make money, and we haven't. If our children begin to see some of the money

we've put into the club, we'll consider it a success."

As for pro hockey, its perilous state is perhaps best summed up by George Strawbridge, an owner of the Buffalo Sabres. "It's interesting that we have to transport our players, who make an average \$85,000, by bus from Philadelphia to New York to save money," he says.

Michael Krupp, a wealthy San Diego financial adviser, spent a year investigating professional sports as a business, applying all the criteria he uses in guiding corporate investments. By a process of elimination (hockey was the first to go; "Very little if anything at the end of the tunnel," Krupp says) he settled on what he considers the single best sports investment. Today he is the sole owner of the San Diego Breakers of the International Volleyball Association.

THE ROOKIE

On the St. Johns River south of Jacksonville, Fla., through a massive iron gate, past lush gardens and down a long shaded brick driveway is Los Cedros, a Mediterranean-style mansion modeled after El Greco's retreat in Spain. It is the home of Hugh Franklin Culverhouse and his wife Joy.

They are nice people. They have a nice life. They skip off in their private jet (they're both pilots) or yacht to the Bahamas or some other foreign clime for long weekends of golf, gambling and dancing. Out by the pool at Los Cedros, there is a patch of AstroTurf. Drawing on a supply of 10,000 Japanese golf balls, the Culverhouses often while away a leisurely hour or so on the AstroTurf, teeing up and driving one ball after another into the river.

The question is: Why would a man who seemingly has all that the good life can offer, whose tastes run to collecting porcelain Boehme birds, want to pay a record \$16 million to be hazed as the rookie owner of a new NFL franchise called the Tampa Bay Buccaneers? "Frankly, I'm not that challenged by my law practice anymore," says Culverhouse, a tax attorney whose clients have included Richard Nixon. "It's become too easy. I enjoyed representing Bebe Rebozo in the Watergate hearings, being a part of history, but that was an exception. So I thought that starting from line one and seeing what you could do with a new team would be fun. I figured at age 55 it would give me a diversion."

It was not his first urge to splurge. In 1971 Culverhouse thought he had bought the Los Angeles Rams for \$14 million. He progressed to the point of having publicity shots taken with Coach Tommy Prothro, but at the last moment negotiations broke down. Culverhouse sued for "tormentous interference" and settled out of court. But he ended up with no team.

For the Tampa venture, he primed himself like an undergrad at exam time. He read every available study of the tax laws and economics of pro sports. He interviewed NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle and dozens of coaches, players and general managers. He studied medical treatises on the relationship between AstroTurf and knee injuries. He delved into the intricacies of concessions, parking, TV and radio contracts. And he committed his economic survey of Tampa to instant recall: "Twentieth largest retail market in

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WHO ARE THEY?

continued

nation will overtake Atlanta by 1978... 17th largest and fastest growing TV market... ninth largest pro football stadium in U.S. ... 71,000 good seats... first row nine feet above playing field... "

Then came the involved part, forking over the money and tending to such necessities as building a \$500,000 office and training center with two practice fields. Culverhouse personally worked out the stadium lease arrangements and not only negotiated the contract for a new \$1.5 million scoreboard but also went out and hustled the advertising. Roaming the country on a talent hunt, he hired Ron Wolf away from the Oakland Raiders and made him the youngest vice-president in the NFL at 36. And with a final hard rush he landed a celebrity college coach, Southern Cal's John McKay. "In sum," says Culverhouse, "you have to give to get."

Joy tended to such niceties as meeting the mother of No. 1 draft pick Leroy Selmon at the airport with a bouquet of flowers. She read *The Superwives* and *Pro Quarterback*, hoping to "learn by osmosis." A former state golf champion in both Alabama and Florida, she was quick to spot little correlations, especially when she first saw a thing called a punt. "Looks like a good nine-iron shot to me," she said.

Then the season opened. Hoping to break even or better at the gate and perhaps win a few games in the Bucs' first season, Culverhouse reassured himself with a little saying that is his personal motto. "As Louis Pasteur said," he recites unapologetically, "chance favors the prepared."

Final season results: Buccaneers' 0-14. Culverhouse minus \$1.7 million.

Was it Pasteur who said you can't win 'em all?

While winning helps, it is no guarantee that a team will flourish at the gate. Witness the Oakland A's and their successful but lonely pursuit of three World Series championships. Or the Indiana Pacers, who in the ABA's first seven seasons lost less than any other team. On the court, that is, on the ledger, the Pacers dropped \$500,000.

Conversely, losing is not all bad. Since they were purchased by Leonard Tose in 1969, the Philadelphia Eagles have never had a winning season. But their profits have nevertheless risen each year, from \$412,000 in '69 to an estimated \$1.5 million in 1975.

Ed Garvey says, "Most of the NFL owners have made so much more than they expected that they don't want to get involved in negotiations with the Players Association. They don't want to rock the boat. Their average cash flow is \$8.5 million a year, and they've been making an average—an average, mind you—of \$1.7 million net profit before taxes." Of course, the NFL owners hotly dispute Garvey's figures, claiming that at least four teams finished in the red last season, that the average pre-tax profit was \$800,000 and that the profit was that large only because of a \$215,000 per team windfall from returned pension contributions. Of course, Garvey has an answer for that, too. "These guys don't want to show a profit," he says, "so what they do is spend it all on the good life."

Tose, a trucking magnate who travels by limo and 'cop-

ter, is a high roller. Squaring models and entertaining Jet Setters, he follows the horses at tracks around the country and the sun to Beverly Hills, Acapulco and Nice. In 1969 and 1970, because of the amortization of players, he paid no personal income tax. An involved owner who once charged that his players "lacked character," Tose attends practices, chattering with reporters and dropping comments like, "If the play works here, why doesn't it work on Sunday?"

Playboys or philanthropists, in the red or black, the bottom line on the NFL owners and the Players Association has been the same for three years: no contract.

THE HEIR

Robert Rulph Morgan Carpenter III. That's a name, not an infield. An owner to the manor born if there ever was one.

Grandson of R.R.M. Carpenter Sr., the DuPont Corporation patriarch who bought the Philadelphia Phillies in 1943, young Rully was raised on a full-size diamond conveniently located on the family's front lawn. As a 17-year-old pitcher, he bet his father, Bob Carpenter, \$5 that he could hold three Phillie hitters—Roy Smalley, Woody Smith and Joe Lonnett—to less than four runs in three innings. And he won, allowing only two, on a homer by Lonnett.

But that accomplishment cut no ice at Yale, where he captained the baseball team and played football (he was called the "world's richest end"). "My classmates always used to razz me about how bad the Phillies were," Carpenter says. "And I'd say, 'O.K., guys, someday maybe I'll be in charge, and we can turn the thing around.' He got his chance in 1972 when, after a fitting apprenticeship, he became, at 32, the youngest owner in the major leagues.

Now, four years and one divisional title later, no one is razzing Rully Carpenter. It only feels that way. "Yes, we turned the team around," he says. "I knew in my heart that we could. But the haggling has taken a lot of the fun out of it. I mean, those astronomical salaries. Pretty soon we're going to have the Six Million Dollar Man. Where does it all end? We have one of the highest payrolls in the National League, and still we're not able to satisfy all our players."

Known as a player's owner, Carpenter compensates the Phils in other ways. He gets involved to a point just short of taking the mound himself. He attends batting practice. He frequently travels with the team. Trading on his youth, he is always in the clubhouse mixing with the players and organizing family junkies. When transcendental meditation became the clubhouse rage, he took lessons and chanted his mantra right along with the players. "Rully understands the modern generation," says Manager Danny Ozark.

Carpenter also defends his charges, lashing out at the local press at the first drop of a disparaging word. "When they attack my people, I attack back," he says, tugging at the Yale bulldog needled on his belt. "I've never come in contact with anyone like him," infielder Dave Cash once said. "He's a member of the team."

But now Cash has taken the free-agent express to Montreal for \$1 million and change, and Rully feels jilted. "I try to be fair," he laments. "I'm not trying to gouge anyone." In 1974, when the Phils turned a profit for the first time in

five seasons, he blew the \$100,000 net on bonuses to his staff. He says, "We're at a point now where we have to draw close to 2.3 million people to break even [1976 attendance was 2,480,150]. There's just got to be a limit to how much a player is worth."

Though the family fortune is estimated at \$100 million, Carpenter fears that an escalation of the bidding war could result in the haves stripping the have-nots clean. "There's no way the Carpenter family can compete with an Augie Busch, a Ray Kroc or the Wrigleys," he says. Still, he is confident that the barons of beer, burgers and chewing gum will not take unfair advantage, if only in deference to their bank accounts. As it is, says Carpenter, "Someone has to suffer for the superstars' salaries. First it will be the marginal player, the utility guy. He will get less. Then we will get down to the bottom line—ticket prices. They will go up."

And then down will come the wrath of the fans, Carpenter predicts, right on the heads of the politicians who are calling for an end to baseball's antitrust exemption. "Some people in Washington don't understand these facts," he says. "We have to make them aware that fans are voters, that it could cost an election."

"Sure, I know the reserve system had to change. It was obvious that everything was in the owner's corner. But now the balance has shifted, and I'm spending most of my time in legal proceedings. What I really dislike is having my destiny controlled by outside forces. Instead of lawyers and politicians, the owners and players have got to take a more active role in solving our problems."

"Sometimes I ask myself if it's worth it. But then I think of the satisfaction I've gotten from watching this team develop, and I long for the day we win a World Series—or three or four. I want to make up for a lot of bad years."

In the meantime, feeling suddenly ancient when he found that his youngest players do not remember the Whiz Kids, the heroes he used to take batting practice with at age 10, Carpenter says, "I'm going to write a book, *How to Make a Small Fortune in Baseball*. First, you start with a large fortune. ..."

If a pro franchise is really such a high-risk, low-yield venture, then why do so many supposedly astute businessmen get involved? Well, how can one be a pillar of society without a favorite charity? The Peppers' Bill Eason says, "I help support the symphony and the art museum, and I think pro basketball is just as important, or more so. It's simply one of those necessary elements in a large city."

Walter O'Malley, who had no compunctions about stripping Brooklyn of its most visible status symbol, terms his Los Angeles Dodgers a "hobby investment." Jack Kent Cooke is not so fussy. The Los Angeles Lakers, Los Angeles Kings, Washington Redskins? "It's a hobby," he says, gesturing at the grand piano in the main lodge of his 16,000-acre Rajon Ranch. "Just like my playing the piano or composing music. It's so much more fun than almost any business that I know. I'd much rather watch Kareem than see a bunch of Chevy Novas come off the production line."

George (If-You-Can't-Beat-'Em, Buy-'Em) Steinbrenner loves watching his boyhood fantasies being acted out by

New York Yankees with nice clean-cut short hair, just like his idol Joe DiMaggio had. "I never played baseball, except sandlot, but I read a lot of good books on the subject," says Steinbrenner. "I am childlike, almost infantlike in my respect for the Yankee tradition. I am like a kid with his first lollipop."

THE TRAGEDIAN

Loserville, U.S.A.. A morality play in five acts, with a little dramatic license.

ACT I: 1965. Rankin Smith, 41, Life Insurance Company of Georgia heir, buys new Atlanta Falcon franchise for \$8.5 million and meets the press.

Smith: Doesn't every red-blooded American boy want to own his own pro football team?

ACT II: 1974. Falcon nine-year record: 41-75-4. Smith under fire. Former Coach Norb Hecker says Smith's nine-year-old son was allowed to make a draft choice. Smith calls Coach Norm Van Brocklin into his office.

Smith: Norm, I've got to make a change.

Van Brocklin: You s.o.b. You don't know anything about football.

Smith: I'll help you in any way I can.

Van Brocklin (shifting his feet): I don't need your help. I'll never speak to you again.

Smith: You going to hit me, Norm? If you do, you'd better kill me.

ACT III: October 1976. Falcon record: 47-94-4. Smith under fire. General Manager Pat Pepper recommends that Coach Marion Campbell be fired. Smith, angry because he thinks Pepper is guilty of second-guessing Campbell, calls the general manager into his office.

Smith: You would like to become head coach of the Atlanta Falcons, wouldn't you, Pat?

Pepper: No, Mr. Smith. I do not believe that I would like to become head coach of the Atlanta Falcons.

Smith: Well, I do believe that you would like to become head coach of the Atlanta Falcons.

Pepper: No, I am busy enough as the general manager.

Smith: I sign the paychecks around here.

Pepper: Then, in that case, I gratefully accept the head coaching job of the Atlanta Falcons.

Smith (aside): It's his to fish or cut bait.

ACT IV: November 1976. Falcon record: 48-96-4. Smith, under fire, lunches at the Capital City Club.

Smith: Being an owner is very intriguing. You meet interesting people. I bought the team for my two boys to give them the option of Life of Georgia or the Falcons, and for civic reasons, and because I had the money. Rankin Jr. is with the club now, and he'll be getting a new title soon.

Of course, when you have the kind of record we have, the media jumps on you pretty good. They call Atlanta "Loserville, U.S.A." They say I'm unpredictable, don't know what I'm doing. Heck, I don't do the drafting. They say I'm arrogant. That's ridiculous. I may be dumb, but I'm not arrogant. I'm sure I've made a lot of mistakes, but I don't think I'm alone in that. But they've been mistakes in my judgment of people, not policy. Still, I have to take the rap, no question about it, and I don't mind that.

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WHO ARE THEY?

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Very frankly, I want to get somebody who can take the team over, and they can run it—as long as they don't flush me away. But I'd hate to go out a loser. We haven't made the playoffs yet, but I'm convinced that someday, somehow, we'll win the Super Bowl. And then you know what will happen? They'll want you to win it every year.

ACT V: Present. Falcon record: 50-100-4. Smith under fire. Telephone rings in the offices of Life of Georgia.

Fan: Let me speak to that s.o.b.

Smith: Speaking

(Curtain)

Owners, for reasons that are not always clear, are habitual popoffs. Consider this random sampling. George Halas of the Chicago Bears, after disagreement with Houston Oilers owner Bud Adams over rights to a player: "Adams has the biggest mouth west of the Mississippi." Ray Kroc, on stadium P.A. during losing effort by Padres: "Never in my life have I seen such stupid baseball played." Bill Ford, after his Detroit Lions were defeated 20-0 by the Washington Redskins on network TV: "They had the distinction of disgracing themselves coast to coast instead of just locally." John Mecom, when asked on a live telecast about what he could do to halt the increasing number of no-shows for New Orleans Saints' games: "I just might take my team and leave town." Mecom later: "I was misquoted." Bob Irsay, addressing Baltimore Colts after exhibition season loss: "'X&ZX'&'XZ'." Walter O'Malley, on owners: "We all talk too much."

THE PROMOTER

Carl Scheer, President and general manager. Two years in Denver. Two-time ABA Executive of the Year. One of Colorado's 10 Most Influential Men.

So the pitch begins. And standing there in the boardrooms and factories and garden clubs in the shadow of the Rockies, slowly advancing the slides and flip cards with the big block letters, is the audio-visual whiz kid himself, Carl Scheer, 40, beaming, spicing, urging. Caution perhaps prevents him from also revealing that he was named Salesman of the Year by the American Salesmaster Corporation. Don't want to come on too strong.

What Scheer is peddling are the Denver Nuggets, like of the ABA and a commodity that for several seasons had all the sales potential of a soggy bagel. When he arrived in Denver in 1974, having prepped in the front offices of the NBA, the Buffalo Braves and the ABA Carolina Cougars, the franchise was foundering badly in a dingy handbox (capacity 6,985). Scheer changed the team's logo, its nickname and its colors to red, white and blue (the old Bicentennial hard sell). Changing attitudes was something else.

Active involvement of local ownership.

Going into his act, preaching civic pride and the economic virtues of 1) a pending move into the new McNichols Arena (capacity 17,297) and 2) the inevitable (he hoped) merger with the NBA, Scheer headed a group of 30 local businessmen who bought out the team's San Diego owners. And he dealt for talent with a "let's get rid of everybody" flair that established him as the best of an aggressive new breed of career owner-managers. No fooling around with

other businesses for Scheer; the Nuggets were it, 14 hours a day, seven days a week.

Larry Brown, the coach who followed Scheer from Carolina, tended to the winning part. Picked to again finish last in its division, Denver not only made it to the ABA playoffs with a sterling 65-19 record but also sold out the snake pit 29 times. Last season, installed in its new McNichols digs, the Nuggets battled all the way to the ABA finals. Nuggets' official souvenir magazine voted best in ABA two consecutive years.

Scheer, meanwhile, was beating his drum all the louder, the better to drown out the death rattles of the ABA. "Rome was burning around us," he says. "I remember the Virginia Squires came in here and I had to pay their hotel bill before we could play."

So boom! boom! boom! On and on went the Carl Scheer Magic Merchandising Road Show. Care to purchase a choice block of tickets in exchange for an ad in our two-time Most Valuable Program? Sign right here. Like to sponsor Nugget clinics, contests, giveaways? Line up over there. Supper with the stars? Bring your bib. Tickets for bingo prizes? Bingo! Or how about Carl Scheer himself addressing your top executives on Staff Motivation and Resource Management? "Ahem, like the Denver Nuggets, you too can have an unlimited future if only you will..."

Attendance, 1975-76: 730,624. Fourth highest in pro basketball.

Last spring Scheer and Nets owner Roy Boe petitioned for membership in the NBA. The move outraged other ABA owners, but it helped break the fullcourt freeze. It also broke the Nuggets. Scheer says, "The NBA owners knew they had us by the throat, and they kept squeezing. When they said the cost of admission was \$3.2 million, we had no one who could sign the check."

The Nuggets are planning to go public to raise the NBA admission fee, and odds are that few if any of the projected 3,500 shareholders will flinch at the warning printed on the prospectus: "These securities involve a high degree of risk." After all, Denver is not only leading its division in wins and season-ticket sales (10,600), but Scheer also has a new flip card theme to get absolutely bullish about *Color us Brown. Or how the NBA was won.*

So why exactly is Scheer popping M&M's and maintaining Diet Peps? "Complacency is the forerunner of mediocrity," he is fond of saying. He also likes to tell how David Thompson, the team's star player, was persuaded that the primary reason he should come to Denver was not the grubby half million ("How many Mercedes can he drive?" Scheer asks), but the "psychic income" accrued from joining the "Nugget family" and taking part in "teamwork."

But mainly Scheer goes on about how "obsessed" and "consumed" and "haunted" he is by "my dream to build a champion and—this may sound tacky—to contribute to the stability of our industry." What it sounds like is another sales pitch. Or is that the flutter of another flip card? One can almost see it now.

Nuggets win NBA championship.

Scheer ensnared atop Pikes Peak.

As the tremors in professional sports continue, there is cause
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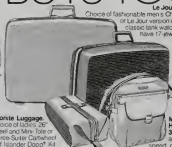
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YOU ASKED FOR IT. YOU GOT IT. TOYOTA

WHO ARE THEY?

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to question whether the leagues are equipped to cope. Small groups of owners that once found it difficult to agree on anything are now larger groups that agree on nothing. The incompatibility is built in. League meetings, in which men of strong wills and robust egos are asked to seek accord with their opponents in the bidding wars, are often little more than stylized free-for-alls. Personal rivalries abound. Cliques clash. Says one combatant, "Off the record, dealing with my fellow owners is like trying to go around the world in a rowboat."

Owners love to speak off the record. It has something to do with keeping favored scribes abreast of the latest conspiracy. In the NFL more than one owner is whispering about supposed problems in the commissioner's office. Some baseball owners still contend that Walter O'Malley is operating major league baseball from a ravine in California. The Seattle SuperSonics' Sam Schulman says openly that the Lakers' Jack Kent Cooke is trying to run basketball. The Buffalo Braves' Paul Snyder disagrees; he says it's the Knicks' Mike Burke who is plotting the overthrow. And the rest are not so sure about Schulman and Snyder.

THE EXILE

Carroll Rosenbloom was disgusted—again. A couple of months ago the Los Angeles Rams' owner went into a kind of prolonged snit, announcing that he refused to take part in any more league meetings until everyone came to his senses. One of the more engaging owners, Rosenbloom nonetheless speaks his mind—often and bluntly—on whatever displeases him about the game. On this occasion, he took on Pete Rozelle, saying that "his majesty" has been "listening to lawyers and accountants instead of running the league."

Rosenbloom's beef, and the reason for his self-imposed exile, was that he felt that neither Rozelle nor anyone else in power had taken any meaningful steps toward resolving the long, bitter standoff between the league and the Players Association. "A plague on all their houses," he said from the comfort of his Bel Air estate.

Now 69, Rosenbloom speaks from the vantage point of a veteran who has fought in 23 NFL campaigns—19 with the Baltimore Colts, four with the Rams—and survived with only one losing season since 1956. Recently, dressed in tennis togs, he paused over lunch at his home to expound on his feelings.

On player-owner negotiations: "Ed Garvey has probably been the biggest stumbling block in getting a contract with the players. He is entirely unreasonable in some of his demands. I think he believes he's going to get a contract in the courts. And management has also done a terrible job. The blame is equally shared. So there they sit, Garvey on one side, Sargent Karch of the management council on the other, two grown men writing nasty letters to each other. Just childish. It's like watching the crew of the *Titanic* polish brass while the ship goes down."

On economic survival: "The players have been fed a line by Garvey that millions and millions of dollars are made by every club. It's hard for them to accept the fact that this isn't so. We're in trouble. Quite a few of the owners will be and have been operating in the red. I think a player should

get all the traffic can bear, but when the only one who suffers is the fan, then the players have to realize that there is a limit. One of these days some of these franchises may blow up. Look at the NFL. It can easily happen here."

On bidding wars: "They shouldn't exist. If the owners had refused to allow the prices to skyrocket, we wouldn't be in this chaotic state. When we have Wellington Mara of the Giants, a member of the management council, going out and picking up Larry Csonka, paying him that kind of money with a big stamp of approval from the league, well, that's just ridiculous. What Mr. Mara doesn't understand is that he has 27 other partners. Once he pays this money, every other player says, 'Hey, how about me?' I don't want people like Csonka around me."

On teamwork: "Except for a few uniforms and some footballs, the only inventory we have are our players. And all they have is us. But somewhere along the line, we all got out of sync, like an orchestra playing out of tune. The only solution is for us to realize that we are partners. We both want the same thing. So what are we fighting about? I just can't believe that the players are so stupid that they want to kill the game. They have to realize that we're in the same boat together. If we don't work together, we won't have anything to work with."

On the future: "Our sport is so strong. We have the most valuable commodity in the world. I don't think there are fans in any other sport who would have stood still for all the nonsense they've had to endure. The strikes, the lawsuits, the pop-head owners who don't know the game criticizing their players. Our fans must love us to have put up with that. I know they do. Given the chance, these franchises will double in value."

About then Willie Shoemaker and Ricardo Montalban dropped by, tennis rackets at the ready, and off Rosenbloom went to play a round of doubles at Johnny Carson's place. Bel Air isn't exactly Elba, but then Rosenbloom isn't your everyday exile.

So whither professional sports? The prognostications vary widely, even wildly. Angelo Drossos, president of the NBA's San Antonio Spurs, sees grim days ahead for the owners if present trends continue. Indeed, he says, the species sports mogul may become extinct. "Many teams are already being subsidized by cities, counties or states in that special concessions have been made for them to survive," he says. "If such things continue, I can envision that within a decade or two city governments will own the teams and athletes will have to be put on some kind of civil service contracts."

The San Diego Chargers' Gene Klein prefers to look through the other end of the telescope. Eyes all but twirling at the prospect, he foresees pro football teams playing twice a week, 40 games a season, in the U.S., Mexico, Canada, Japan, England, Germany. . . . "I think we can have an international league with 50 teams within my lifetime," he enthuses. "We've just scratched the surface."

Global explosions aside, the only seemingly sure thing is that as long as there are men eager to play there will be owners willing to pay. As Jack Kent Cooke says, "Where else can you have so much fun?"

END

CBS BY 17.1 TO 13.4!



The Super Bowl is yesterday's news. Everyone knows the score on the 1976 NFL season. But here are some exciting numbers from CBS Sports you might not know.

Pre-game shows

Fifty-two percent more homes watched CBS Sports' "NFL Today" than NBC's "Grandstand." Lively commentary and tough analysis by Brent Musburger, Phyllis George and Irv Cross, hosts of the show, backed up with special material from Jack Whitaker and Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder put "NFL Today" way out in front—and kept it there.

Game coverage

CBS weekend football averaged 17.1 to another network's 13.4,* a 28 percent lead.* These figures represent a 20 percent improvement for CBS over 1975, and a 6 percent decline for the other network. Some of the best sportscasters in the business teamed up with former football greats, who know the guts of the game as well as the moves, to make CBS NFL coverage unbeatable.

It's been a great NFL season for CBS Sports. With Super Bowl XII on CBS, the next will be even better.

*Source: Estimates based on Nielsen Television Index. Average audience basis: hold ranges September 12-December 12, 1975, and September 23-December 23, 1976. Subject to qualification available on request.

GO WITH A WINNER
© CBS SPORTS

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 17-23

PRO BASKETBALL—As Philadelphia suffered its third loss in games with the Atlanta Braves on Thursday, Philadelphia's rugged star Detlef at the Montreal Expos in the playoffs. Philadelphia's third loss in games with the Atlanta Braves on Thursday, Philadelphia's rugged star Detlef at the Montreal Expos in the playoffs. Philadelphia's third loss in games with the Atlanta Braves on Thursday, Philadelphia's rugged star Detlef at the Montreal Expos in the playoffs.

BOWLING—MARK BROTZ of Staten Island, N.Y., won the \$14,000 first prize in the Showboat International in Las Vegas, defeating Ed Anthony 21-21.

BOXING—In the first bout of the N.B.A. heavyweight title fight, CARLOS PALMISTO defeated a Cuban named Lucifordson to stop Mike Mohr in the 15th round at Olympia, Anaheim in Los Angeles (page 20).

GOLF—TIM WATSON held a 16-under par 213 to win the Bing Crosby National Pro Am defeating Tom Jacklin by one stroke for the \$40,000 first prize at Pebble Beach (page 12).

HOCKEY—NHL: When St. Louis beat Chicago 5-1, Blues defenseman Gerry Mauer, who had scored the decisive goal and was in first place in the Stanley Division to win The Blues then edged Colorado 3-1 and led the second place Black Hawks by six points. Vancouver led St. Louis by 10 points and Toronto 1-0. In an overtime game, the Canadiens also led the Detroit Red Wings to Philadelphia for Detroit.

Los Angeles and Los Angeles. The 8-5 National Hockey League defenseman Steve Nash led the Los Angeles Kings to a 5-1 victory over the Philadelphia Flyers. The Los Angeles Kings led the Philadelphia Flyers 5-1 in the first period. The Los Angeles Kings led the Philadelphia Flyers 5-1 in the first period. The Los Angeles Kings led the Philadelphia Flyers 5-1 in the first period.

WHL: In the All Star game the Los Angeles Kings defeated the New York Islanders 4-2, despite being outshot 51 to 27. After that it was back to trying to keep financially troubled franchises afloat. The winners of the Minnesota North Stars finally broke in the first round after a seven year losing streak. It was the second St. Paul band BHA franchise to fold in as many years. St. Paul band BHA franchise to fold in as many years. St. Paul band BHA franchise to fold in as many years.

MOTOR SPORTS—CARLOS BELTRAN of Argentina was driving a Ferrari won the Grand Prix of Brazil at an average speed of 111 mph over the 10.5 mile track at Sao Paulo. Defending world driving champion James Hunt of Britain came in second and Romanian's F1 team driver Niko Lauda finished third.

TENNIS—BORN BORG def. Jimmy Connors 6-4, 6-3, 6-3 to win the \$100,000 title in the Grand Slam tournament in Boca Raton, Fla. (page 18).

BRIAN GUTIERREZ defeated top seeded Guillermo Vilas 6-3, 6-4 to win the \$20,000 title in the Baltimore International Indoor Championships.

MARTIN VASILEV defeated Dan Burtis 7-6, 7-5, 6-3 to win the \$10,000 Virginia Slims of Houston.

TRACK & FIELD—DROUGHT STONES won the high jump at the Philadelphia Track Classic with a leap of 7' 6", the best in the world this year. LORNA FORD, ahead of a meet record with a 34" in the women's 400 (page 46).

RONALD S. BRYANT won the women's 800 meters in an American record 1:58 at the San Francisco Examiner Games. MIKE TULLY won the pole vault by clearing 13' 8" and JAMES REINHARDT took the 600-meter run in 1:18.

MILEPOST—FRED H. HILTON, Colo. owner Robert John Thomas, 55, the team's general manager and executive vice president for the last five years.

INDULGED Into the Baseball Hall of Fame: ERNIE BANCROFT, 48, only the eighth player to be inducted in his first year of eligibility. A shoo-in and first baseman, Bancroft played 19 years with the Chicago Cubs and was MVP in 1955 and 1956. He retired in 1975 with a .274 lifetime batting average and 512 career home runs.

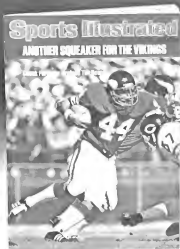
INDULGED Into the National Football League Hall of Fame: GALE SARGENT of the Chicago Bears; BARRETT STARR and ROBERT GRIFFIN of the Green Bay Packers; and HEE WILLIAMS of the Cleveland Browns.

DIED WILLIAM C. (Buddy Dool) JACOBSON, 85, last remembered for the St. Louis Browns, in Green Bay, Jacobson, who once led 15 American League leading centers, had a lifetime batting average of .312 in 11 years, to that spanned 11 seasons ending in 1927.

CREDITS

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SUPER RAIDERS

Sir:

I immensely enjoyed seeing the Raiders on your cover twice in three weeks (Jan. 3 and 17). Oakland won the Super Bowl not because Minnesota was so bad but because Oakland was so good. Without a doubt, the Raiders are world champions and the best team in pro football.

CHRISTOPHER H. EVANS
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Your coverage of Super Bowl XI was tremendous, and Dan Jenkins' last paragraph (*The Raiders Were All Supered Up*, Jan. 17) tells it all. The AFC is much superior to the NFC. As I see it, the Minnesota Vikings could not have won any of the three divisions of the AFC and could have finished second only in the Western Division.

There seems to be a subtle difference between the styles of play in the two conferences, which must go back to the old AFL. Games between AFC teams are almost always more interesting to watch.

DAVID BOWMAN
Tucker, Ga.

Sir:

Before Dan Jenkins' statement that the NFC should apply for admission to the Ivy League is taken seriously, let's look more closely at the facts. True, the AFC has won five Super Bowls in a row and eight of 11, but Baltimore and Pittsburgh, NFL teams before the merger, account for three of those wins, so the tally should read NFC six, AFC five.

JIM NOLD
Belleville, Ill.

Sir:

With all that has been written about the Minnesota Vikings and their disappointing Super Bowl record, I would like to enlighten some of the fans about other title games. From 1933 through 1969 (37 games), the NFL title game was decided by two touchdowns or more 17 times. The New York Giants played for the championship 14 times and lost 11 of those, including three in a row in 1961, 1962 and 1963. What is more, they were shut out twice and three times scored only one touchdown.

The Los Angeles Rams were 1-3 in title games, winning in 1951 but losing in 1949, 1950 and 1955.

The Cleveland Browns played in 11 NFL championships, winning in 1950, 1954, 1955 and 1964, but losing seven times, including three in a row in 1951, 1952 and 1953. From 1950 through 1957 Cleveland played in sev-

en of eight championships, winning three and losing four.

Also, in 1954 the Browns beat Detroit 56-10 and in 1957 Detroit beat them 59-14, which shows that the score of one championship game has no bearing on the relative strengths of divisions or conferences or even of the clubs involved. It only shows who was better on that day.

So congratulations to Oakland on its NFL title, but Minnesota has lots of company in having lost another "big game."

ROD ANDRUS
Oconomowoc, Wis.

Sir:

I have noticed that No. 12 is a winner in the Super Bowl. The only times a team that started a quarterback wearing No. 12 lost were when the other team also started a quarterback wearing No. 12. For instance, Roger Staubach and the Cowboys defeated Bob Griese and the Dolphins in 1972. Other No. 12 winners after Staubach were Griese in 1973 and 1974, Terry Bradshaw in 1975 and 1976 and now Ken Stabler.

STEVE DYAL
Marlton, N.J.

NOT-SO-SUPER TV

Sir:

William Leggett's article on TV taking over the Super Bowl was on the nose (*TV/Raiders*, Jan. 17). I watched Super Night at the Super Bowl. It was so boring I fell asleep after 10 minutes. I wish they would leave the Super Bowl to the players.

BRIAN KINNEY
San Francisco

Sir:

Only TV could turn the world championship of professional football into a circus with pre-Super Bowl shows (NBC's *Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World of the Super Bowl* and CBS' *Super Night at the Super Bowl*). The networks have reduced the game to a farce.

MIKE KELLY
Springfield, Ill.

Sir:

Who cares how many variety shows TV puts on before and after the Super Bowl? No one has to watch them to qualify to look at the game. And if the viewer doesn't like the shows, there's a very simple solution. As for athletes appearing "wooden and embarrassed," what's new about that? Years ago after the World Series athletes used to set out on the vaudeville circuit. Vaudeville went, TV now. What's the difference? In each instance the idea was to make a buck or two.

JOHN MCCORMACK
Dallas

CENTRALIZED SPORTS

Sir:

The President's Commission on Olympic Sports has produced more than 600 pages and two volumes than any other sports body ever has (*Cure for an Olympian Headache*, Jan. 17). The commissioners have outlined a basic foundation upon which amateur sport can stand. I hope that by 1980, when the U.S. hosts the XIII Winter Games, we will have become a nation on the upswing in Olympic and amateur sports by way of this proposal. At the very least, it is a promising start in the right direction.

ROBERT TAYLOR
Old Bridge, N.J.

Sir:

I wholeheartedly endorse the motives of President Ford in establishing the President's Commission on Olympic Sports. Its conclusions, as reported by Kenny Moore, appear to be well thought out and appropriate to the goal of improving the U.S. Olympic sports program.

The elimination of intergroup squabbling and of arbitrary rules would be a boon to freedom in athletics. I think it is important to realize that the disqualification from interscholastic competition of gymnast Bart Conner because his participation in the 1975 Pan-American Games had caused him to miss more than 10 days of school is not an isolated case. This kind of "protection" for the athlete is utterly ridiculous and only serves to penalize excellence as well as to keep fine athletes out of national and, perhaps, Olympic competition.

DONALD F. HAAS
Omaha

Sir:

Your article seems to me to paint an unjustifiably optimistic picture of the proposed Central Sports Organization as a cure-all for the ills of amateur athletics in America. Granted, the time is long past to end the comic-opera bickering of the NCAA and AAU and to provide deserving athletes with the opportunities to take off a year or two for intensive training without going broke. But a central sports authority? The CSO sounds like something out of 1984.

The truth is that a CSO would, in the long run, take young athletes off the sandlots and playgrounds and put them into intensely competitive situations with predictable results, a few so-called amateurs skating and running for national glory and everyone else twiddling their thumbs on the sidelines.

ROBERT M. MARKLEY
Philadelphia

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

WHAT DID SHE DO?

Sir:

Re Susan Baker in *FACES IN THE CROWD*
Jan. 10. She won the women's elite competi-
tion at the Appalachian Fall Orienteering
Festival? What is it? What happens?

I wish you would explain this arcane ac-
tivity.

PETER CALVIN

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

• Orienteering was introduced to the U.S. in
1946. Competitors run cross-country using a
map and a compass to determine what they
feel is the best route between checkpoints and
to the finish line. The winner is decided on
the basis of elapsed time — ED.

WINTER OLYMPICS 1980

Sir:

Placid Is Not Peaceful (Jan. 3), nor will it
ever be if the Olympics actually are held there.
If Lake Placid has a population of 3,000 and,
say, 1,500 of them are employable (which is
high) and there is 17% unemployment, this
means 255 people are out of work. This is
not good if you are one of them, but for this
should we spend a minimum of \$49 million
of taxpayers' money and desecrate a great wil-
derness area? There must be other approaches
to take care of the unemployed besides
develop, develop, develop for the good of a
very few, meanwhile producing incalculable
problems and expenses for ordinary citizens
who desire to keep their area from being
overwhelmed by outsiders.

GERALD S. MCCARTHY

Parkdale, Ore.

FORGOTTEN ACT

Sir:

Re your article on drop-kicking (*SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED*, Jan. 3), the advantages of a direct snap
and extra blocker are important, but I be-
lieve the real benefit lies in the fact that drop-
kickers probably would have greater range
and accuracy. In rugby we have players who
are deadly from 40 to 50 yards while kicking
on the run. Standing still and kicking at the
angles involved in football, dropkickers could
make conventional and soccer-style kickers
obsolete. The differences between the rugby
ball and the football are not critical, so the
only problem I can foresee is statistical. You
mentioned that the longest field goal by a
"dropkicker" is 63 yards, but there are two
techniques a dropkicker can use. He can kick
the ball with his toe—or he can kick it with
the instep of his foot.

JOHN G. SNOW

President

University of Arizona Rugby Football
Tucson

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The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	16	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.6
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.6
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Mints Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.6
Brand V	11	0.7

Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*1	*0.1
Carlton Box	*1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Filter-2 mg.
Menthol-1 mg.
Box-1 mg.

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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Answers:

Zenith	34%
Brand A	21%
Brand B	12%
Brand C	8%
Brand D	7%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	10%
Don't Know	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same opinion survey, the service technicians selected Zenith, more than any other brand, as the color TV needing the fewest repairs.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith	38%
Brand A	18%
Brand D	9%
Brand B	6%
Brand C	5%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	11%
Don't Know	10%

We're proud of our record of quality. But if it should happen that a Zenith product fails to live up to your expectations, or if you want survey details, write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.



The Celebrity II, Model SH2331X, pictured here. Simulated rosewood with Bermuda Shell white front. Simulated TV picture.

ZENITH
CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.*